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Is Honour Satisfied?

'It was the only honourable thing to do.' No doubt Mr Macmillan believed what he was saying when he thus defended the dispatch of British troops to Jordan. Even at the time his words seemed foolish. Now they have an overtone of savage irony. In the swarming desert town of Amman, where only the presence of 2,000 British paratroops keeps King Hussein on his throne, a hideous trial is taking place. Last week British televiewers had the chance to see it in action. They saw the four accused, unmistakably bearing the marks of systematic torture, dragged pitifully into court to face a mockery of justice. How many others have already died under torture in Hussein's secret cellars? Or have been summarily hanged in secluded courtyards? We can only guess. But we do know that it was only the urgent representations of the British ambassador which last week prevented Hussein from hanging a group of 'conspirators' publicly in Amman's main square. The ambassador was naturally worried lest the British soldiers should understand the regime they are defending.

How long must this mockery of 'honour' go on? The British government itself is plainly worried by our predicament in Jordan – though perhaps not for the same reasons as we are. In the original plan, Amman was regarded merely as the stepping-stone to Baghdad, so that Nuri's death could be avenged and his torture-chambers put back into business. But this proved too risky even for Mr Macmillan's sense of honour, and the paratroop brigade found itself stranded in the desert, virtually cut off from its base. Since then, the only problem has been: how to get it out? A simple withdrawal would immediately precipitate Hussein's overthrow and probable murder. How deeply Mr Macmillan is really concerned for his 'friend' is debatable; but he is obviously anxious that his intervention should not thus be revealed in its true light – as a ludicrous bungle which could not possibly succeed. But equally, not even a Tory government can order British troops to hold the ring indefinitely while Hussein tears his rebellious subjects limb from limb. The simplest solution would be to bring him out in the paratrooper's baggage – and possibly some of his more compromised torture-experts as well; but Hussein is an obstinate as well as a brutal man, and he knows that Macmillan risks political catastrophe if he leaves him to his fate.

Originally Macmillan hoped to solve his dilemma within a Summit framework; but Peking put paid to that. Now, like Eden in his final desperation, he is thinking of playing a marked card: Israel. If Mr Hammarskjold goes to the Middle East with a broad General Assembly mandate to negotiate an *ad hoc* settlement, his most likely solution for Jordan is a plebiscite, which would certainly result in rejection of the monarchy. This might allow Hussein to escape unscathed and the British to withdraw with some semblance of honour. But it would be a further victory for Nasser, and as such intolerable to Number 10. The British government – despite the lesson of Sinai – still apparently believes that the one certain means of destroying Nasser's prestige is an Israeli victory in the field. A Jordan free to choose would undoubtedly opt for union with the UAR – and thus invoke Israel's oft-repeated threat to occupy the West Bank. There is reason to believe that Macmillan is privately encouraging the Israelis at least to threaten such action.

Should Israel again consent to become the instrument of Britain's anti-Nasser policy she might invoke the ultimate sanction of world war. In any event, Iraq and Saudi Arabia, however reluctantly, would be forced into total union with Egypt and all the British and American oil holdings simultaneously imperilled. Mr Hammarskjold, however, can immobilise the detonator. Now that the arms-balance has shifted in Israel's favour, the threat of a combined Arab assault is, for her, a useful diplomatic argument rather than a genuine fear. Mr Hammarskjold cannot reasonably prevent Jordan from dissolving itself; but he can meet the Israeli case by proposing a UN-supervised demilitarised zone on both sides of the Jordan-Israeli frontier. And he can resurrect – though in a more specific and effective form – the old Tripartite guarantee of the armistice frontiers. A permanent UN force, whose creation now seems possible, would give him the means to implement it.

Comments on the Week's News

A New Cross-roads in Cyprus

In its reply to Mr Macmillan's amended proposals for Cyprus, the Greek government has gone out of its way to be courteous and to leave an avenue open to further discussions; but it was inevitable that the proposals, in their present form, should be rejected. By suppressing the clause providing for joint Cypriot and Greek or Turkish citizenship, and by removing the Greek and Turkish representatives from the Governor's council, Macmillan changed the form rather than the substance of his original plan. In Greek eyes, the central flaw in the plan was – and remains – the system of twin Greek- and Turkish-Cypriot assemblies, elected from separate rolls; this, as they correctly observe, is the highway to partition. That Mr Macmillan is anxious to go some way to meet Greek wishes is apparent in his new proposal that, sometime in the future, the separate assemblies should be confined purely to municipal affairs, and that representatives from both communities should meet in a common chamber; unfortunately, the form in which he made this suggestion is bound to arouse doubts about his intentions in Athens. If Macmillan seriously means to set up a common assembly – thus virtually conceding the Greek case – he should have said so specifically and set a date for its election. Instead, he has left the future vague, and merely announced that preparations for the dual elections will proceed forthwith. If he sticks to this, Eoka is certain to react by imposing a boycott, and the Government is liable to find itself in the same position as the French in Algeria – using troops to persuade an unwilling nationalist population to vote. The only sensible course open to Macmillan is to call off the electoral preparations, pending further negotiations, and, at the same time, to ensure that the truce is prolonged by inviting Makarios, without conditions, to return to Cyprus.

Back to Little Rock

A new crisis seems inevitable at Little Rock. The circuit court of appeal has ruled that the original court order enforcing de-segregation at the Central High School must stand, and has thereby reversed Judge Lemley's recent decision to suspend the integration programme until 1960. Once again, therefore, as the school year begins, the local school board has been firmly told that it must admit any Negro children who seek admission. But the situation has changed since last September, when Governor Faubus forced the President to use federal troops. Faubus has just been elected for a third term by a large majority on the specific pledge that he would close any and every school where integration is ordered. This is a tactic which has been much discussed in the South but has not yet been tested, and it is not clear what steps the federal courts or the federal authorities can take if a school is so closed, since the obligation to provide public education derives from the several state constitutions and not from the US constitution. It would, presumably, require a suit by interested parents to make the state government open a school, and in the present situation at Little Rock it is doubtful whether a group of white or Negro parents could be found to file a case. It is also doubtful whether, in face of pressure which has been put on the Negro community in the last year, any Negro parents will in fact try to register their children at Central High. The only legal point that is absolutely clear has been put forcibly by the circuit court: 'The time has not yet come in these United States when an order of a federal court must be whittled away, watered down or shamefully withdrawn in the face of violent and unlawful acts'.

Nigerian Minorities

The decision of the Nigerian Federal House to fix April 1960 as the date of Nigerian independence, and that of the Northern House to seek regional self-government next March, are of momentous significance. This great African country of over 30 million people is certain to play a vital role in developments throughout the continent. Its attainment of independence is more complicated than that of neighbouring Ghana, for, apart from its size, it has little cohesion in history, culture, or homogeneity. The question is bound to arise as to whether a single nation can be developed out of its various races, the influence of which has already created three separate regions and the possibility of still further sub-divisions. The important report of the Minorities Commission published this week sensibly recommends strengthening the responsibilities of the centre by writing into the Constitution a firm and clear declaration of personal rights and entrusting the protection of these rights to the federal government, acting through a federal police force and judicial service commission. Within each region, however, there are tendencies to demand units which would allow a measure of self-government to individual tribes. This report, along with such other important matters as adequate civil service recruitment, will tax all the skill of the negotiators at the constitutional conference due to reassemble in London at the end of September.

Wolverhampton's Colour Bar

The Musicians Union has expelled three band leaders who have defied its instructions not to play at the 'colour bar' Scala Ballroom in Wolverhampton. This is a welcome decision. Everyone in public life unctuously deplores the colour bar, but, pressed to take action, too many murmur polite nothings about the need to 'educate' public opinion. But to let the situation in Wolverhampton go unchallenged, the colour bar will have received something like legal sanction for the first time in this country – as John Baird, one of the local MPs, pointed out in the House just before the recess. The decision of the Wolverhampton magistrates to renew the Scala's licence despite protests from the Free Church Council and others, has given the impression that they have no power to refuse a licence on these grounds. This is not the case: the magistrates could have used their discretion, and their refusal to act makes it seem that they have endorsed the Scala's action. The British-Caribbean Welfare Service, which is strongly backing the Musicians Union, states that there has been a marked change in restaurants and other public places since the Scala successfully imposed discrimination. There may now be no alternative to making the colour bar illegal. John Baird's private bill to this end received a second reading unchallenged last month – no doubt because many Conservative MPs knew it had no chance of getting any further. There is certainly little hope of this government giving it official time, but the Labour Party should now take it up – especially as the National Executive decided at its last meeting to consider 'tactical legal proposals to combat this evil'.

Strike Inquest

The leaders of the London busmen – the group which forced the pace earlier this year and made a strike unavoidable – have now found a new cause of dispute. Because they object to the economy cuts in the bus service which have followed the strike, they tried to start a go-slow movement. But the T & GW organisers deny that they gave any authority for this, and it seems that the London leaders have agreed to wait until Mr Cousins returns from his holiday. In his absence, however, the annual report of the TUC General Council has reopened the controversy about the bus strike. Mr Cousins told the TUC leaders on 4 June that the strike had reached the point where it must be extended or collapse, and he asked: 'How soon is this strike going to be developed into something that somebody is going to take notice of?' His grounds for seeking 'fraternal' action were that 'the wages and standards of living of all workers in all industries depended upon the outcome of the busmen's strike'. His colleagues on the General Council were not convinced: on the contrary, they feared that an extension of the strike would have turned it into a direct political challenge. The impression left by the report is that a majority of its members thought the strike unwise, were anxious to settle it as quickly as possible, and were not particularly concerned whether the busmen won or whether Mr Cousins was personally embarrassed. Since the differences have been publicly stated, the General Council will presumably have to debate the issues of principle at the Bournemouth TUC.

Social Criminology

The serious increase in crime this year – about 13 per cent. over 1957 – will no doubt arouse the usual demands for stiffer sentences and harsher laws on the assumption – an ill-founded one – that lack of sternness in the Courts is the basis of the rise in offences. The true assault on this challenging problem remains by way of educational influences, skilled parental upbringing and medical aid for the mentally sick. Unfortunately we know little about the effect of social factors – a problem that C. H. Rolph discusses on a later page. Because its researches should tell us more about these causes, as well as about cures, the Institute of Criminology, to be set up in Cambridge, is most welcome. But it will need Treasury generosity if it is to become, as it should, an inspiring element in our national life. Two pitfalls await it: the danger of being an adjunct to police-work, and that of remaining, through insufficient funds, a mere machine for collecting statistics. (Similar institutes on the Continent have gone sterile in these ways.) The new Institute should use the best of modern sociology and psychology, imaginatively, to light up the dark and complex field of delinquency. It can also become a centre of teaching from which the most neglected of the social sciences would gain a proper status in British universities. Some of our judges might even go to school there.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New Delhi

Crisis in Kerala

Our Delhi Correspondent writes: In New Delhi this week Mr Nehru will discuss the situation in Kerala with its Chief Minister, Mr Namboodiripad. Unrest in Kerala was recently high-lighted by clashes between student-demonstrators and the police and between Communist and non-Communist workers. Both in India and outside there is a temptation to over-emphasise their importance. Student-demonstrations and clashes and firing on mobs are not uncommon. Soon after the incidents in Kerala, students demonstrated in Uttar Pradesh, and were fired upon; the Communists and other supporters of the Kerala government gleefully pointed to this as an answer to their critics. Mr Nehru has made it clear that he is not unduly perturbed by stray outbursts of violence or even by police-firing (though he wondered, in one of those asides which make his press conferences different from normal meetings of politicians with pressmen, whether the time had not come to withdraw firearms from the ordinary police).

The fear is that there is more than sporadic disorder in Kerala. The secretary of the Kerala Communist Party recently issued a call to 'all those interested in the progress of Kerala' to organise 'local citizens' committees' to 'prevent the opposition parties from launching unnecessary agitations with the object of pulling down the Communist regime in the state'. In the circumstances, some observers ask if this is not a device to create an unofficial authority that will parallel the government, and perhaps perpetuate Communist rule.

What may be regarded as the official Congress view has been stated by the General Secretary of the Congress Party, Mr Sadiq Ali, who pointed out, first, that 'Communists outside the government took upon themselves the task of quelling the agitation', and, secondly, that the 'state government was withdrawing prosecution cases, mostly against members of the ruling party'. This created the suspicion that 'the Ministry was averse to the normal functioning of the opposition parties and indeed of the democratic system'. Mr Sadiq Ali also referred to 'the withdrawal of 500 cases and commutations of sentences on party members, the transfer of a deputy collector within 24 hours of his arresting some Communists in Trichur, and the suspension of a police sub-inspector for arresting a Communist leader.'

Mr Sadiq Ali's criticism was in large part endorsed by Mr Nehru at a press conference in New Delhi a few days ago. The press conference came after he had received a first-hand report of the situation. Some weeks ago, while in Calcutta, Mr Nehru had been reported as saying that Kerala was 'the most peaceful area in India'. That testimony caused surprise. At his press conference the Prime Minister explained that the 'guarded remarks' he had made, in reply to a question 'whether the Kerala situation was a nightmare to me', had been distorted and exploited by some local Communist leaders in Kerala. 'In distorting it a phrase was added to it as if I was supporting the government there in what they have done. It is completely wrong.' Mr Nehru added that he was 'distressed at what has happened there and the atmosphere that has been created there. Some things have happened, murders have been committed which are brutal in the extreme and which are horrifying. If the police open fire, it is bad enough, but it is done in the stress of the moment. But cold-blooded murders are entirely different, and if such murders are committed for political reasons, or if otherwise an atmosphere is created in which people become afraid and have no sense of security, the situation is pretty bad. To some extent this seems to have taken place in Kerala.'

In a rejoinder to Mr Nehru, Mr Namboodiripad has placed 'the prime responsibility for the distressing aspects of the present situation in Kerala' on the Congress and other opposition parties 'who, ever since the Communist Party got installed in power in the state through the ballot box, were out to oust it by fair means or foul'. As for the Prime Minister's reference to insecurity in the state, Mr Namboodiripad said he wished 'to assert that this was only a complex created by frustrated and disgruntled politicians whom the people had thrown out of power through constitutional means'. Mr Nehru, however, in a subsequent address at a meeting of Punjab Congress legislators, declared that what he had said at the press conference in New Delhi was based on a scrutiny of the developments in Kerala, and that he had spoken with 'considerable restraint'. He added that he would be happy if he were convinced that he was wrong.

Paris

The Silence and the Screams

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Since the Military Information services in Algeria were handed over to the Psychological Warfare Bureau, it has become more and more difficult to get any news about the fighting in Algeria. Nowadays, the High Command's communiqués list only the number of 'rebels' killed and make no mention of French losses. Official optimism goes far beyond M. Lacoste's famous 'last quarter of an hour'. General Salan, the C-in-C, announced a week after he was invested with full civil, as well as military, powers: 'The rebellion is on its last legs and will be swept away in a few days'. Since then, more than two months have passed, and despite the official black-out, the truth about the military situation is beginning to trickle through to Paris.

Soldiers and civilians, returning to France on leave or on holiday, agree that there has been a marked deterioration since the paratroop regiments – the only mobile offensive force in Algeria – were withdrawn from operations and given the task of 'preparing' the referendum in the big towns. Ambushes and pitched engagements have increased sharply, so that in the Oran department, towns such as Tiaret, Relizane and Saida have been totally cut off from communications with the outside. This is the first time since the beginning of the war that the FLN have won the initiative on such a scale. Trains running between Oran and Algiers are now regularly sabotaged; and at Tlemcen a bomb exploded at a meeting of the Committee of Public Safety, killing six of its principal members. Faced with this co-ordinated offensive, even the Psychological Warfare Bureau has had to admit that 'resistance has stiffened'.

Indeed, only in strictly non-military spheres has the French army recently enjoyed any success. The paratroop detachments, entrusted with the job of 'encouraging' the Arabs to register on the electoral lists, have won several notable victories. In Oran, the second largest town in Algeria, only 43 Arabs voluntarily registered; ten days after the arrival of the paratroops, the number had risen beyond 80,000. . . . The fact is that renewed rebel activity, growing terrorism in the towns and the 'preparations' for the referendum have combined to efface the brief moment of inter-racial fraternisation which marked the May uprising. Nobody talks about it any more. All the old methods – torture, brutal house-searchings in the towns, village burnings in the country – have returned. In his first press conference in Paris, André Malraux gave his word of honour that since 13 May there had not been a single case of torture in Algeria. He could no longer make such a statement, for details of a number of recent cases – names, dates, places, etc. – have been reaching Paris in the last few days. By taking the initiative in re-forming the Commission for the Protection of Individual Liberties, De Gaulle has implicitly admitted that things are going wrong again. In any case, the old Commission had virtually disintegrated, three of its members having resigned in protest. It is difficult to see what the new commission can do, in view of the fact that the supreme power in Algeria is now entirely in the hands of the very men whom earlier investigations had found to be responsible for such practices – and two of whom, Salan and Massu, have both admitted and attempted to justify the use of torture. In short, five weeks before the referendum, the situation in Algeria has never looked blacker.

Fleet Street

There's Nothing Like News

Is there, Fleet Street is asking itself broodingly as it contemplates the circulation figures I referred to last week, a common denominator that will explain why some newspaper circulations plunge and go on plunging while others hold steady or even rise? If there is, then a careful study of these circulation figures seems to suggest that, contrary to some beliefs, it is rather an old one: News. The fact that only *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily Telegraph* have actually increased in circulation is of some significance in this matter. But not, of course, a lot. Their readers are an esoteric group whose wish to read their news straight is not necessarily to be taken as representative of the tastes of the wider public. What is more significant in the wider context is that the most successful of the national morning newspapers in holding its circulation position has been the *Daily Mail*. And the *Daily Mail* has recently been the most persistent in putting news first in its public appeal and in tying its 'top line' features much more closely to it than most. It has gone all out to create the impression that wherever any news breaks, whether it is the North Pole or, no doubt, in due course the moon, a *Mail* man will be there. This has been an expensive policy. And so has the complementary feature policy of paying high prices for the personal stories of anyone who is bang in the centre of the news at a particular time, whether it be Sir John Harding, Glubb Pasha or Wardle. But it has paid off. This is still true also, in its own way, of the *Daily Express*. 'Wherever the news breaks, a *Daily Express* reporter is at hand', it proclaims daily in black type at the top of its leader column. And it still follows the principle that Christiansen followed in his editorial career, that it is impossible to have too much of a really big story. The secret of winning circulation it believes is the same as the secret of winning battles, to be there 'fustest with the mostest'. Its treatment of the news is not to everyone's fancy, but in spite of all temptations to do otherwise it still spends fortunes in getting it. And to judge by current circulation figures it pays. The chief exhibit of those who argued that what people wanted was daily magazines used to be the *Daily Mirror*. But if one examines the *Mirror* over recent months what has been most interesting about it is the greater attention it now pays to big news and especially to serious political, industrial and international news. It does not, it is true, do much big-scale straight reporting of such news. But more and more it has developed the technique of taking hold of such stories and giving them front page news opinion treatment.

On the other hand the *Daily Herald*, whose continuing loss of circulation is developing into a major problem, deliberately chose, when it found freedom a year ago, to turn itself more into a daily magazine. It has lately reversed this trend a little. Its foreign news coverage has increased and some of it, particularly in Cyprus, has been first rate. But an awful lot of its space still tends to be taken up by large features on such subjects as the danger points in marriage and other topics which no doubt go over big in *Woman*. But why should anyone pay 1s. 3d. a week for the *Herald* to read what they can get in *Woman* for less than half the price? The problem of the *News Chronicle's* falling circulation is more complicated. But I believe that basically it can be shown to spring from the same failure to realise that in newspapers there is nothing like news. The *News Chronicle* has a passion for turning its best news correspondents into opinion columnists. They often make excellent reading. But as a newspaper in the grand style the paper suffers. And to judge by circulation trends it begins to look more and more as if it is news that counts. But not, of course, in Sunday papers.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

After the Gallup Poll

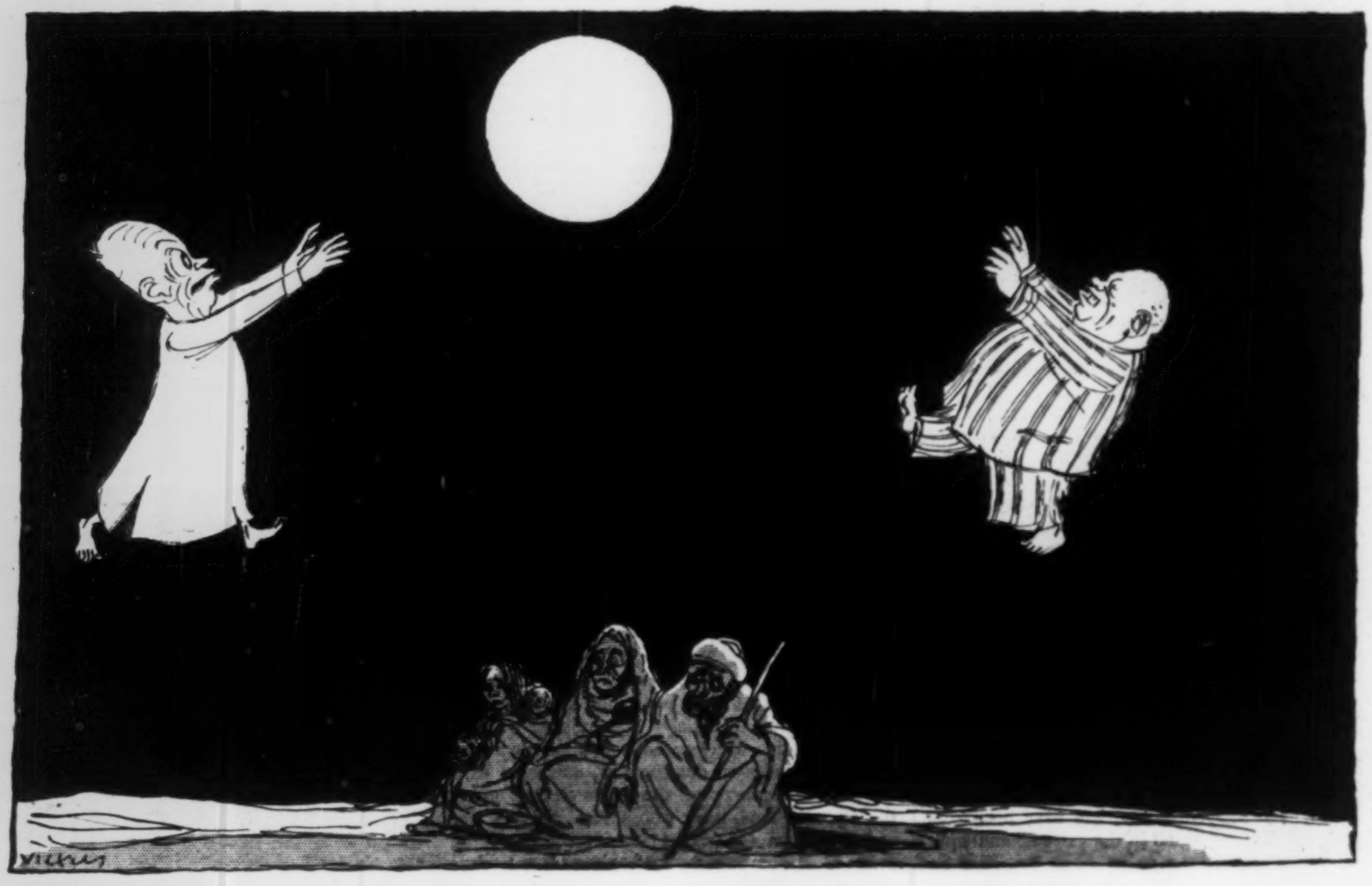
THE Gallup Poll published on Monday was all that was needed to put both party machines into a state of alert for an autumn election. Both had already begun the tentative preparations – the booking of halls and poster sites and the drafting of election leaflets – which are customary in spring and autumn as a parliament moves towards its close. But the Gallup figures, which confirm the drift back to the government which has been evident at recent by-elections, give an air of reality to what would normally be a routine manoeuvre. No one knows whether Mr Macmillan will go to the country in the last weeks of October or early November; probably he does not know himself. But the opportunity is there if he chooses to take it, and he well might.

After Suez, the Tories had a slight edge: the profile of the vote seemed roughly the same as it had been in May, 1955. Then came a steady slide downwards, in which Labour more or less held its ground, while disgruntled Tories abstained or voted Liberal. This January, the Tories touched bottom: they had not recovered by the time of the municipal elections. But in the last four months there has been a remarkable change. The Tory deserters seemed to have returned to the fold, almost to a man, while it is Labour that has lost a fringe of marginal voters to the Liberals.

The figures of voting preference will be a shock to the Labour leadership, which was assuming a few months ago that it was bound to inherit office almost without effort. Indeed it sometimes gave the impression that it assumed that effort of any kind might antagonise floating voters and awaken dissident Tories from their apathy. But the real clue to this change can be found in the questions which probe the voter's response to the *persona* of each party: Are you satisfied or dissatisfied with Mr Macmillan/Mr Gaitskell? For these percentages show that Mr Macmillan's stock has been rising at the rate at which Mr Gaitskell's has been falling: moreover, the number of those who don't know what to think of Mr Gaitskell has risen from 19 to 38 per cent. in the last 18 months.

These are dismal reflections for the Labour leaders at a moment when they had hoped to be riding high. They had good reason to be optimistic. At Brighton last year the Bevanite movement was formally disbanded by Mr Bevan, and unity (the 'we-can-settle-all-that-after-we've-won' kind of unity) established. Then in the House, Mr Bevan and Mr Gaitskell had at last teamed up and, with Mr George Brown, seemed to be settling tactical questions by a rule-of-three; the working parties had completed the nine new policy statements; in the country, the Tory deflation was antagonising both middle-class and prosperous working-class opinion; and, on the whole range of foreign issues, from atomic tests to Summit talks, from Cyprus to Jordan, the government was on the defensive. Yet it has all added up to – what? For the first time in two years, the initiative has slipped back to the government.

Something has gone badly wrong for the Labour Party. It is no use saying that Mr Macmillan has been lucky, or that he has made a success of television. Short of some catastrophe in foreign affairs, or a bad slump, the Labour Party cannot expect a more favourable run of circumstances than it has enjoyed in the last 18



months. The plain fact is that it has proved unable to take advantage of them.

What is wrong? The most obvious defect in the Labour leadership is its patent fear of commitment. On one problem after another it has fudged the issue. Defence policy? That must leave room for Mr Brown and Mr Strachey to retain tactical nuclear weapons, yet go some way to meet those who wish to halt the nuclear arms race. Announce a campaign and then fail to pursue it. Education? The public schools cannot be touched, but the grammar schools can be thrown into turmoil. The Lords? Overt criticism, but covert recognition by giving the nod to life peers. Nationalisation? On the one hand Labour will press on, and on the other hand – not so fast. Is it any wonder that the party fails to make any clear impression on the voter, that even the active party members are not sure what the next Labour government would do, and how it would do it? So much paper has been pasted across the cracks in party policy that it is barely possible to see its main contours.

The second failure is that too much of what Labour says seems irrelevant to contemporary problems. It seems more concerned to defend what it achieved after 1945 – with a few modifications and extensions – than to strike out in new directions. The one notable exception was its superannuation scheme, and that had to be worked through against opposition and is still not safe from the knives of party and union leaders who think it too adventurous or expensive.

Both these defects, however, stem from one condition. The Labour Party stands in principle for a new social order and in practice for reformed capitalism – and its record over the last 30 years is a dialogue between these two objectives. That, fundamentally, is what all the rows between floor and platform have been about at one conference after another. In the past, perhaps, it did not matter so much that this contradiction remained unresolved. But the point of decision is now coming close to hand: it is no longer possible to reconcile both points of view so easily, for the post-war changes in British society have brought People's Capitalism upon us, and, for all its defects, it is a going concern to which the Labour Party is offering no clear alternative.

Social Punishment

I KNEW a man – well-to-do, successful, a magistrate and alderman, highly esteemed everywhere – who suddenly in his late sixties committed an act of puerile indecency in his own house, in the presence of an elderly woman on his own domestic staff, and was prosecuted. His fine of £10 under the Vagrancy Act seemed laughable to those who knew his circumstances, but from the moment the case began he was an utterly broken man. He disappeared from every scene where he had been known and liked and died forgotten. For me, his case gave an unfamiliar slant to the saying, which will always remain true, that there's one law for the rich and another for the poor.

Once you begin thinking of fixed statutory maximum penalties, and relating them to individuals, all kinds of antitheses spring to the mind: the lorry-driver and the pleasure motorist both convicted of 'motor manslaughter'; the two most usual kinds of bookshop thief, wage-earner and 'independent', but unknown, browser; and the dance-hall Teddy boy as against the students' rag. Every magistrate I have ever seen at work has shown himself to be aware of these social differences, and has seemed likely enough to give effect to them in the sentences he passed. And yet I know that when parliament steps up a particular penalty (e.g., the new £30 maximum fine for being drunk on a pedal cycle), some magistrates are sure to regard it as an indication that everyone is to be fined something nearer the £30 than hitherto, rather than that the better-off defendant is now to be deterred by heavier fines in proportion to the working-class offender, for which the former maximum of 40 shillings might still have allowed enough scope. If anyone doubts this I implore him to watch, when it gets into operation, the new Metropolitan Police (Amendment) Act which sharply increases the penalties for 'insulting behaviour'.

I am not going to say that any time has been wasted, or even that enough is ever likely to be expended, on studying the causes of crime. True, I am constantly amazed that those who do study them are able to conclude that 'poverty' (no doubt the word needs defining) is no longer among them; for it seems to me that poverty, which must have been a strictly relative condition since man first came down from the trees, will in this sense always be with us. It is only in this sense that it has any relevance to theft; if stealing had been a classless occupation there would never have been any death penalty for it.

But the causes may, and in my belief probably will, prove to be of far less social importance than the effects when we know more about both; and hitherto our research organisations, in the little time they have devoted to the study of effects, have been concerned with industry and society, not with the effects of punishment or other treatment upon the offender.

It is very surprising that no serious attempt has ever been made to assess the social consequences of being caught. As everyone knows, they include not only the disruption of family life when a father is sent to prison, and the personal problem of living down the stigma attaching to a conviction for (say) drunken driving, shoplifting, cheating the railway, or a sex offence. They extend also to the lesser-known consequence of conferring prestige and esteem in circles where the police and the magistracy are regarded as bums. But we know very little about the effect of all this, in turn, on the liability of the individual to begin, continue, or turn aside from a criminal life.

Last year one of the leading statisticians in this country worked out a small comparative study of 'the results of probation', which was published in the *British Journal of Delinquency* for January 1958. The findings showed that it made little difference to the social prognosis of a first offender whether he went to prison, paid a fine, or was put on probation. A very high proportion of first offenders, when they are given probation, are not reconvicted: but the same is true of about the same number of first offenders who don't get probation. It is also known, or strongly suspected, that the percentage of boys reclaimed by Borstal treatment has seldom been any higher, and has sometimes been lower, than the percentage of similarly bad lads straightened up by ordinary imprisonment; and if this turned out to be quantitatively true, it would still provide absolutely no case for scrapping the Borstal system. But why do such different methods of treatment make little or no difference to subsequent criminal activity?

Surely the answer lies in the *social* consequences of being convicted at all – even prosecuted, even accused. Here is an enormous and virgin field for inquiry. Suppose that, in order to examine social influences in detail and as they affect specialised groups, you were to take one medium-sized English town, with light industries, a central population of daily commuters, a ring of suburbs, and an efficient civic authority, police and bench. Leaving out the offences that carry no stigma (parking, speeding, obstruction, licence out of date, etc.); confining your inquiry to perhaps 300 male first offenders aged 20 and over, by way of getting a sample of reasonable size and homogeneity; and getting the help of the magistrates' clerk, the probation officers, the police, and other prosecuting bodies, you might concentrate on two parallel lines of research – first, how the offenders themselves, and their families, are regarded and treated in their social milieu; and secondly, how the offenders and their families treat other people, *whatever* the sentence or treatment awarded by the court – fine, probation, imprisonment, or discharge – and why they do it.

The first would entail many interviews with people by the well-tried opinion-survey methods, some of the people being selected for their more or less fortuitous relation to the offender (neighbours, sports club members, fellow allotment-holders, regulars at the local pub), and some for the more sharply significant relation of employer, or departmental head with power to hire and fire. The second line of research, into the social behaviour of the offender and his family *as a result* of the conviction, would need to learn as much as possible about his family background, education, employment record, and community ties. Throughout the whole programme there should be a continuous analysis of the newspaper reporting of crime in the area.

A brief digression may illustrate one among numerous reasons for this. A man I know lets a room in his house in a crowded London suburb to a scamp who is always in and out of prison. Last time, when the case was coming up, the anxious landlord telephoned to ask me whether I could persuade the local paper not to publish the number of his house, because in the past this had enabled abusive letters from malevolent strangers to be showered upon his wife, an emotional woman in a delicate state of health. I rang up the editor and asked him. He said: 'That's all right: we never publish the number – only the road'. In due course he published the number.

If such a study were thoroughly done, it would greatly facilitate a number of further studies of hardly less importance: the treatment, for example, of offenders who do not go to prisons or other institutions, how their social lot compares with that of those who do (particularly for the same offence), and above all how the general public helps, frustrates, or shrugs off onto a few cranks the heartbreaking job of rehabilitation.

You might think that such an inquiry was urgently relevant, now that the whole question of sentencing policy has been brought into prominence by the crime figures (for what they are worth), the state of the prisons, and the quickening interest in criminology. This doesn't seem to be the view of those trusts and foundations which are required by their constitutions to finance useful research. I know of a university project, covering every one of the points I have mentioned, which has been trying for more than a year to get the necessary financial backing. Only a strong sense of propriety stops me telling what some organisations can get money for.

C. H. ROLPH

Moon Hazards

THE Moon, as everyone who has read H. G. Wells ought to know, is not made of green cheese; it is, rather, like gruyère, full of internal cavities, peopled by a species of *Maggot sapiens* known as 'Selenites'. And when the Americans and/or the Russians get there they will be greeted by an Englishman called Cavor, in a Jaeger shirt, cycling knickerbockers and a cricket cap. He is a lunar Robinson Crusoe, marooned there by Wells 57 years ago. He will sympathise with the Americans (and, perhaps, the Russians) over their initial failures at take-off, because, you will remember, he, too, had an accident when his first experiment with 'cavorite' blew the roof off his cottage.

'Cavorite' was an instance where H. G. Wells cheated; he invented an anti-gravity metal, cavorite, which did not need any propellants and could not spring a fuel-leak. Anyway, Wells was too thrifty to spend £2,000,000 on a Thor-Able, with a chance of it exploding at 60,000 feet. In those days he could have fun-and-games with the moon, send his mooncalves out to pasture, get his heroes drunk on lunar fungi and bring his hero home to earth with cudgels of solid gold; nobody was going there to prove him wrong.

That is the trouble nowadays – facts are faster than fiction and the novelists' morning fantasy becomes a stop-press news item in the evening paper. Within a year of Sputnik, the rocketeers, American and Russian, have lifted their sights two thousand-fold, from 110 miles to 227,000 – the distance to our nearest celestial neighbour – and US generals are now talking of the moon as a 'new Gibraltar'.

Is it worth it? Or is it just expensive *braggadocio*? Maybe, as some green-eyed astronomer at the Royal Observatory said, it is a waste of money that would be better spent on a telescope. But – let's admit it – it is tantalising to know so little about something so obvious and familiar as the moon and one ought to want to know more.

Such as? Well, there is the other side of the moon, everlastingly turned away from us because the planet rotates on its axis in the same period as it revolves round the earth – 27½ days – so that we never see more than 59 per cent of it. It is a safe wager that the rest is just the same – smooth deserts pockmarked with craters. That is, unless you accept the discredited idea of the Dane, Hansen, who, in 1825, propounded the theory that the moon was egg-shaped, with the narrow end towards us, and that all the water had flowed off this end to the broad end where, invisible to Earth, the Selenites lived.

With modern telescopes, the topography of the moon's landscape is more familiar than some of our own earth but, in spite of this, serious scientific controversy still rages about the surface of the planet. Those craters, for instance, some of them from 50 to 120 miles in diameter. A convenient theory is that when the moon was cooling from liquid to solid, it bubbled like porridge in a pot and those craters are the 'blisters' which burst. Sir James Jeans firmly believed that they were giant volcanoes and that most of the moon's surface was covered with volcanic ash. Another school of thought just as firmly maintains that they are the craters caused by enormous meteors, like those which 'dented' Arizona and Siberia. Some meteors, to cause a hole 120 miles in diameter! It is true – and moon voyagers are well-warned – that millions of shooting stars hit the surface of the moon every day. And a meteoric pebble, travelling at 30 miles a second, would have as much energy as a loaded train travelling at 70 miles an hour. We are protected from those by our atmosphere, the friction of which burns them out before they reach us. But our atmospheric defences would scarcely have protected us from the giant projectiles which pockmarked the moon.

Jeans's volcanic ash has been replaced today by the theory of 'cosmic dust' – a much more intriguing one. This maintains that the elemental particles from which the celestial bodies have been formed and which are travelling in Space get caught in the gravitational field of the moon and settle on it. Since there is no atmosphere and no winds to disturb it, it has collected there so that the moon is a kind of Museum of Cosmic History. The dust is prebiotic, that is, before the formation of life, but with all the biochemical elements, from which life originated, waiting to be 'organised' into a chemistry of reproduction.

Now this idea really offers a chance for a new Wells. Instead of assuming ready-made Selenites, there is room for any amount of speculation about what will happen when the first rocket lands on the moon, bringing the earthly pattern to life – the nucleic acid matrices, on which those cosmic elementals will form and begin to reproduce. It would not need the presence of a human being – just the sneeze of the mechanic who, on earth, fastened the last bolt of the rocket 'probe'. The process of 'biosis' which took hundreds of millions of years on earth might happen overnight and, in non-atmospheric, non-oxygen, non-hydrogen environment 'life' might be strangely mutated. And the moon Cassandras have another warning for the lunar excursionists. The moondust may be highly explosive. The organic molecules are in a critical stage of formation and it would not need a spark – only the touch, say, of the Space-Travellers' rubber boots – to trigger off a violent chemical chain-reaction.

Another hazard which is overlooked by all romantic story-tellers (and maybe even by those military gents who are planning lunar Marines) is that meteorites, on the atmosphereless moon, would puncture a suit of armour, let alone plastic suits and helmets. A grain of sand, with cosmic velocity, would be as lethal as a revolver bullet. Not to mention cosmic rays, those atomic particles from Outer Space; nor the ultraviolet rays, uninhibited by the curtain of atmosphere. And, having done the 'Arctic survival course' and survived, I for one would not care to cope with a night temperature of 250 degrees *below* zero and a day temperature above boiling-point.

Investigation in person will clearly have to wait until travellers are provided with armour-plated vacuum-flask suits. The present 'probe' is more modest. It will 'sieve' micrometeorites and relay back measurements and counts of those dangerous particles. It will send back information about temperatures and signal magnetic readings. If it detects the moon's magnetic field, this will be illuminating. It may indicate that our satellite was once in much closer proximity to the earth and was magnetised by it. It will indicate whether the moon has a solid or a molten core. Other instruments will provide information about its mass – which will be important when it comes to piloting craft to the moon. And there will be a system of photo-cells, which, sensitive to infrared and visible rays, will scan the hidden side of the moon, as the rocket-probe spins on its axis.

Those instruments are the robots which will pioneer and pilot the way for human explorers who, one day, will insist upon defying all the hazards. Why? I always quote H. G. Wells's ending to *Things to Come* as the fathers watch their son and daughter, shot in a cylinder from the Space Gun, disappearing in the direction of the moon. 'For Man there is no rest and no ending. He must go on – conquest beyond conquest. This little planet and its wind and ways. Then the planets about him, and at last across the immensity to the stars. And when he has conquered all the deeps of space and all the mysteries of time – still he will be beginning'.

RITCHIE CALDER

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

After a 15-year-old boy told Hull Juvenile Court today that he could not read, the Magistrates' Clerk, Mr T. A. Doubleday, asked him how he had been able to read the oath. Replied the boy, 'I knew it. We have got TV and I have heard people read it every week in "The Verdict is Yours.".' – *Hull Daily Mail*. (Michael Hyde.)

The notices all say 'La direction regrette de se voir obligée de refuser l'entrée de cet établissment aux Etudiants Francais'. . . . I asked him who had written and designed his notice. 'Oh', he said, 'it was done by a lady connected with the "Come to Britain" movement. She knew French.' – *Manchester Guardian*. (J. M.)

Seen on the Royal route – a woman holding her dog shoulder high to give it a good view of the Queen. – *Campbeltown Courier*. (I. M.)

I'm wondering whether my budgie Jackie was the first to say 'God Bless the Prince of Wales'. He said it within a few days of the news about Prince Charles. – Letter in *Daily Sketch*. (R. Udall.)

White Man's Burden

According to the *Daily Mail*, Sir Edward Twining, ex-Governor of Tanganyika and newly created a Life Peer, is returning to East Africa 'because you don't have to do your own washing-up there'.

It's tough on Edward, now he lacks
Obsequious and obliging Blacks,
Who ask a pittance for a guerdon
From those who bear the famous Burden –
For lack of which the ennobled Twining
Is very naturally pining.

Though now, with stiffened upper lip,
He contemplates Life Peersmanship,
This tawdry prize he does not think
An answer to the kitchen sink,
But with nostalgic eye surveys
The Burden of his yesterdays.

Retirement on such terms is bleaker
Than years of toil in Tanganyika,
For workers in these Welfare States
Just *will* not wash one's greasy plates:
Clearly conventional requirement
Mistakes the job for the retirement.

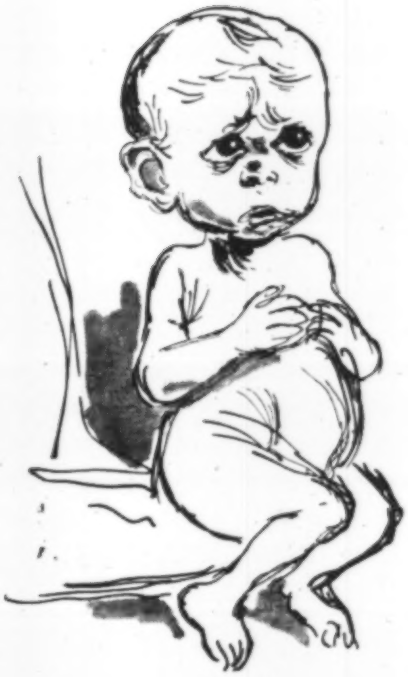
Colonial jobs should be the divies
Of harassed kitchen-maids and skivvies,
Who, as they sigh and stumble bedward
Have even greater wrongs than Edward,
Whose former post, by my invention,
Would be awarded as a pension.

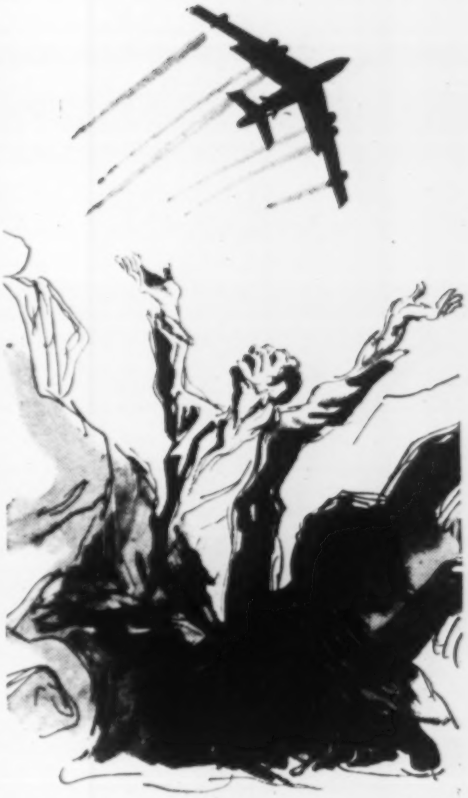
For scrubbing floors and cleaning grates
And washing dirty dinner plates
(One's own and everybody else's)
For think – *O Gloria in excelsis!* –
How some would love to do some sharing
Of comfortable Burden-bearing.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

FROM A MODERN HYMNAL

Verses by PAUL DEHN Drawings by VICKY





✦ ✦ ✦

The day God gave thee, Man, is ending;
The darkness falls at thy behest,
Who spent thy little life defending
(From conquest by the East) the West.

The sun, that bids us live, is waking
Behind the cloud that bids us die,
And in the murk fresh minds are making
New plans to blow us all sky-high.

✦ ✦ ✦

Earth has many a noble city,
Old and gabled, new and tall,
Eastern, western . . . What a pity
Earth must shortly lose them all.

✦ ✦ ✦

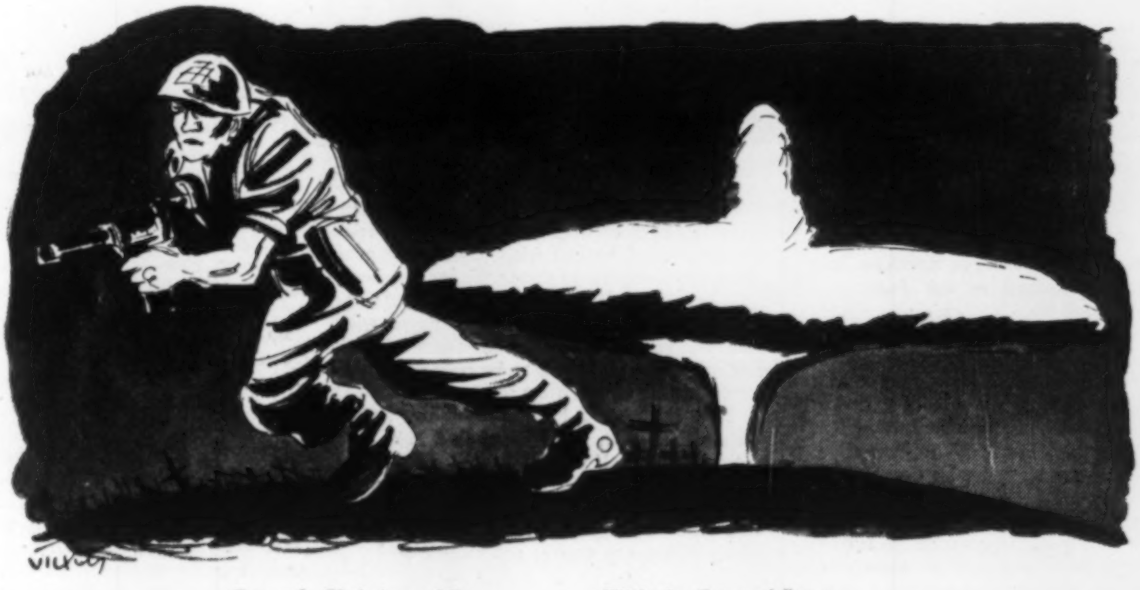
Hark, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born thing
Which, because of radiation,
Will be cared for by the nation.

Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.
While the bombers thunder past,
Shelter me from burn and blast;
And though I know all men are brothers,
Let the fall-out fall on others.

✦ ✦ ✦

The Last Noel the Angel did say
Was to certain poor people in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay to salve somebody's pride
'Noel!' said the Angel; and no one replied.

✦ ✦ ✦



Onward, Christian soldiers,
Each to war resigned,
With the Cross of Jesus
Vaguely kept in mind.

London Diary

It was Wardle's auto-criticism that made me see the analogy with that Other Establishment. You know how it is done. The name of the victim is first included in the normal list of candidates. Then he announces that he will withdraw. Next, this is denied, but the hangers-on – the Albanians, perhaps, or the North Koreans – begin to publish bits and pieces of gossip. Before long, an obscure article on the comrade's 'errors and shortcomings' appears in *Pravda*. He is said to be lacking in discipline, given to the 'cult of personality', unwilling to heed the friendly warnings of the leadership. That is the signal for a flood of spontaneous denunciations, which culminate in the regional party organisation removing the unfortunate man from his post. At this, the Top People take notice, as if they had heard of the whole thing for the first time. The purge then enters its penultimate stage as the erring comrade concurs in the sentence since 'the welfare of the party as a whole in terms of loyalty and behaviour must over-ride all other considerations'. But, of course, the analogy ends there. No one has suggested that Wardle had been in the pay of the Australians since 1926, that he had had a secret meeting with Sir Donald Bradman in a hotel in Stockholm, or that he should be made archivist in a press-clipping bureau in Bootle as a 'post appropriate to his experience'.

* * *

The *News Chronicle* banner headline on Tuesday, 'Britain Rescues India', was a little too effusive. This is, of course, a form of aid, given piecemeal. But it is also prompted by the necessity of bailing out British manufacturers to whom India owes about £100 million payable before next June. The British Government had already guaranteed 90 per cent. of that sum through the Board of Trade. What it is now proposing to do is to honour the guarantee via the Indian government which, in effect, will receive a loan. The illogicality of the thing is that the loan is to be made at this late hour when India hovers on the verge of bankruptcy. Several years ago it was obvious that if the Second Year Plan was to be sure of success, in a world whose hazards include unstable commodity prices and European inflation, a great deal more foreign support would be needed. Plain common sense should have caused America and Britain to offer India sufficient and continuing help from the outset, on the assumption that a successful Indian assault on poverty will do more to consolidate freedom and democracy in the world than all the missile bases. That is the lesson when the Third Five Year Plan estimates come to be discussed.

* * *

Time magazine has paid more attention than any other western journal to the Indonesian rebellion. Its issue of March 10 carried a picture of President Sukarno on the cover and, inside, a long profile of him which went into much more detail about his marriages and private life than is at all usual in references to the head of a friendly state. It was this, I think, that led the Indonesians to ban *Time* rather than its references to Sukarno's political association with Communists or to the obvious fact that the whole article was written in the expectation of his downfall and of the rebels' success. By way of contrast the current issue of *Time* contains a happy photograph of Sukarno himself dancing 'a loose-limbed, international version of the native scarf dance' along with the US ambassador, the wife of the Yugoslav ambassador and the wife of the ICA Director of Indonesia. I judge from this that *Time* now agrees with a well-known US correspondent in the same field who remarked the other day that America has 'backed the wrong horse in Indonesia!'

* * *

Gradually the State Department (if not Mr Dulles) is realising that the world is not divided between the good people who belong to Nato, Seato and the Bagdad Pact and the bad people who in a greater or less degree consort with Communism. Slowly they become aware that it is possible for people to want to belong to neither of the giant blocs but to be themselves. An Indonesian friend discoursed about this to me the other day. He saw danger in the confusion of words, East and West, which Kipling has taught people to say, can never meet. But we use East nowadays to mean not only India and all the utterly different civilisations that lie to the east of Suez, but also to mean the eastern, i.e., the Communist bloc as opposed to what we call western or capitalist civilisation. A good example of this confusion, he said, was the assumption that 'guided democracy' must be eastern or Communist, whereas, oddly enough, it meant in Indonesia just a democracy that was guided! One effect of this confusion of terminology is that Asian peoples, seeing that the western powers identify east with Communist are driven towards 'anti-Americanism'. He added that in fact the whole east and west concept is misleading. Science, the basis of what we call the western way of life, has not, historically, been at all confined to western countries even though it is they who have gone ahead in developing technology. The human animal is much alike everywhere in the world; human wants are the same everywhere and if some eastern countries are passing (as I always feel when I travel east) through an equivalent of our Middle-Ages, they too are now calling on science to provide for their needs. If their thinking is influenced by Marx, was not he of all thinkers the most western and 'scientific'? The whole conception is a maze of confusion. Come to that, my friend remarked, the United States lies to the east of Indonesia.

* * *

I have been a slave of the ball-point pen since the confounded thing was invented, and so I've had to discover by scratch and flood which models work and which don't. (My credentials are available in the form of a drawer full of useless bits of plastic.) But I am glad to see that I've finally settled for one of the two ball-points described as 'best value for money' in the current issue of *Which?* – that admirable quarterly published by the Association for Consumer Research. I hadn't thought of some of the ingenious tests that were used. I haven't tried putting my pens on grass and stamping on them with leather shoes; I have never doodled with accuracy to test the angle at which they will work; I never tried flicking the retracting clip 18,000 times – though one of my colleagues seems to be engaged in this test every time I try to have a serious conversation with him. Even so, I have covered my hands, shirts and hair with more ink than I have ever got to paper. It is all very well for *Which?* to tell me that it costs me 10½d. a mile with my current favourite. But how much has it cost me to get to that state of perfection? And can I now claim a mileage allowance against my income-tax?

* * *

It is long since I read a book so vividly evocative of a half-forgotten period as James Drawbell's *The Long Year*, which is to be published by Allan Wingate on the coming anniversary of the outbreak of the war in 1939. The quality of the book is that it is so ordinary – the diary jottings of a busy journalist concerned about the exasperations and frustrations of the phoney war, about his family's safety, the position of his newspaper (he was editor of the *Sunday Chronicle*) and Britain's apparent inability to get on with anything. It is all here in odd conversations with politicians and generals, with men in the street, with evacuees, with chance acquaintances on interminable railway journeys. There is relief when at last Chamberlain does actually declare war; frustration when, unhampered, Hitler over-runs Poland; relief again when Churchill is Premier; the shock of Dunkirk and the strange expectation of invasion; the confused experiences of being bombed; the greedy snatch at old pleasures like getting in one more bathe before the barbed wire went up; the brief holiday in the West of England where no one seemed to know there was a war on; the increasing shortage of everything (including newsprint) and the final relief when he gets a war job. I don't know any other record that covers, in this authentic way, the confused emotions of this, the strangest year of our lives.

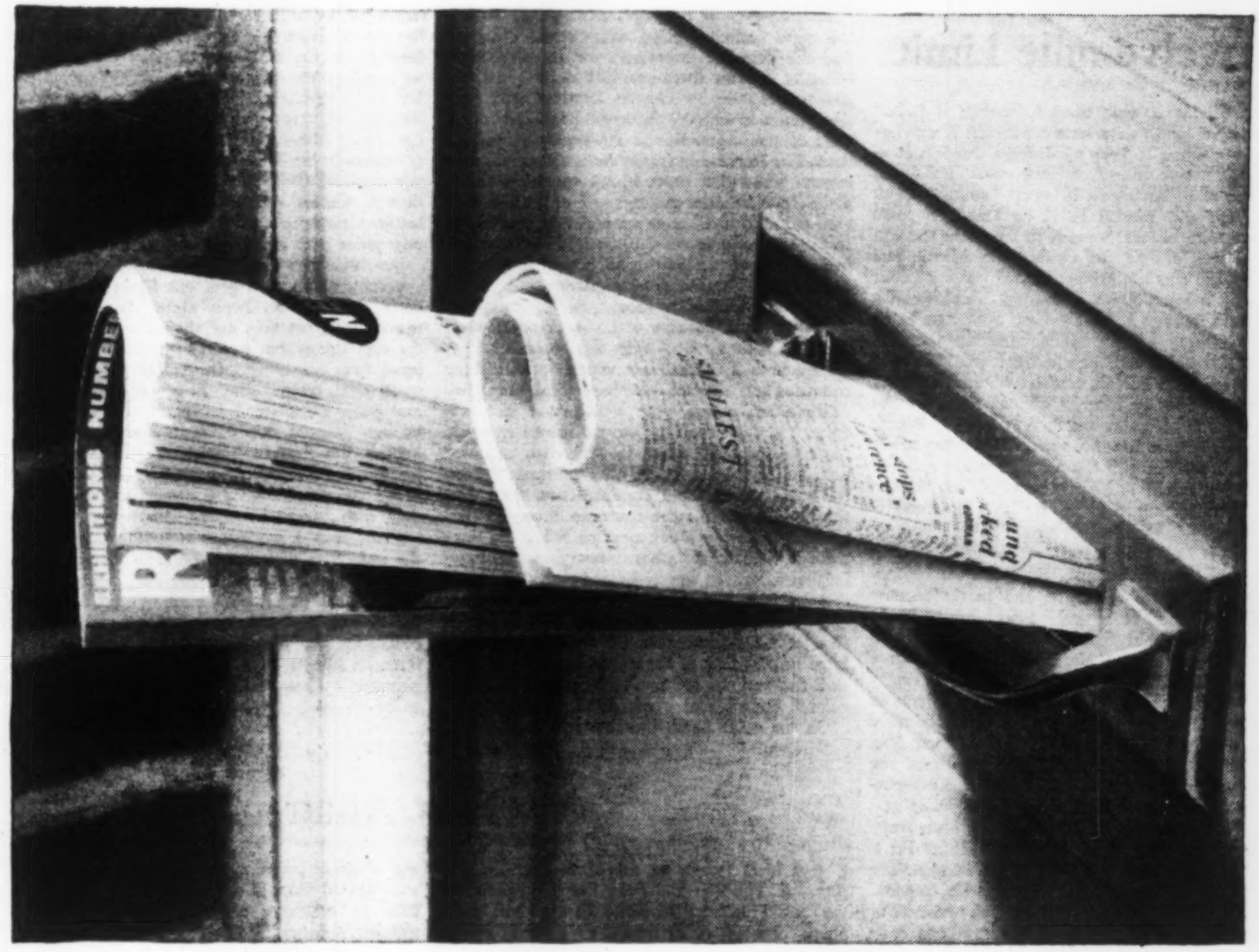
* * *

Unbelievably the sun shone for our village flower show on Saturday; it filtered through on to the fat marrows and outsize beans, on to the 'arrangements' of flowers and grasses; from the children's drawings to the bowls of roses and flamboyant gladioli which, in spite of flood and tempest, local genius had miraculously produced. It shone, too, on the field outside, where there were conjuring tricks and pony rides for the children, a structure of small holes for tennis balls to go through, and a skittle alley where I spent a couple of hours doing my stomach muscles good by picking up the cheese and the skittles and collecting the sixpences. (My only complaint is that it has become compulsory nowadays to enjoy oneself to raucous music through a loudspeaker.) At night I was one of three judges of the local beauties. It was an exacting job; how to concentrate on the essentials of beauty while some hundreds of young things are wolf-whistling and cat-calling for their own chosen girls? I tried to give them mental marks – so many for deportment, for expression, for complexion, for get-up, for figure (they were all wearing dance frocks), for the shape of the face, the colour of the eyes, the size of the nose, the lift of the eyebrow or a dimple in the right place. Fortunately, we had an expert amongst us. He is used to judging bathing belles; he tells me that some of them make £1,000 a year or more (not this year, I should think) winning prizes at the fashionable resorts. In the film world he has to learn to pick those with 'personality'. His piercing glance undresses each would-be star; he knows how they would look with better hairdos and a bit of training. But what, I said, is 'personality'? You can tell at once, he said, after a little practice, which have the natural capacity both to make people look at them and to hold their attention. I shall know better next time.

* * *

Small children have a horrifying capacity for keeping up with the news which beats even Osbert Lancaster's Maudie Littlehampton. I hear that American boys now point toy ray-guns at each other and shout: 'Bang, Bang – you're sterile!' And a friend over here recently found her young nephews and nieces playing 'Sex-maniacs and typists'.

CRITIC



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Twelve-mile Limit

Any Highland west coast fisherman is bound to sympathise to some extent with the Icelanders who are trying to keep out foreign trawlers from an area twelve miles from their coast. The Inner Minch at its narrowest between Vaternish Point on Skye and Henish Point on Harris is some fifteen miles across. Some of us have long thought there was a case for closing the Minch and giving the smaller, skipper-owned boats a better chance. It could be closed to English and Scottish trawlers, though I am not sure if this could be done simply by an amendment to the Sea Fisheries Act of 1883 or whether it would have to come up at an international convention. I cannot think it would be a major matter; there are not so many foreign trawlers there, though if British trawlers have to look for new grounds they might come in force. But if the Minch became a closed area we would not be pleased to see foreign warships coming in to protect their trawlers.

With the three-mile limit, as at present, there is a good deal of poaching. This may be partly because of increased economic pressure on fishermen and partly because modern boats can get away much more quickly than they could in the time of the old Sea Fisheries Act. If the limit were twice three miles it would be more realistic, as far as catching poachers goes. It may be that this was in the minds of the Icelanders, for certainly there has been poaching in and just outside Faxo Bay, which is one of the main grounds. From one headland of Faxo Bay, called after a ninth-century discoverer of Iceland, to the opposite one, is about the same distance as from Duncansby Head to Rattray Head across the Moray Firth. Now, the peculiar thing is that the Moray Firth is closed to trawlers, but only British trawlers. Foreign trawlers can, and do, fish there. The flourishing little ports along the northern coast of the Moray Firth, which used to have fleets of small boats, have all dwindled away.

The Clyde estuary, not quite as wide across as some of the closed Icelandic fjords, is, similarly, closed to British trawlers and open to foreigners. This is a funny bit of old-fashioned liberalism. If the Icelanders start the ball rolling, we may all end up by closing such waters. The Danes are already worried about the Faroes agreement, which should normally last till 1967, and feel that, if Iceland gets away with it, they will have to ask for more room round the Faroes. Our own East Coast trawlers will have to fish somewhere if the fish and chip industry is to go on, and this worries us in the West Coast.

Everybody who knows anything about fish (this does not include the average shopper, who knows as much about fish as I do about Continental abstract art) is anxious about over-fishing. Not so long ago we all thought there could be no over-fishing of herring, so we went ahead with reduction factories where herring not used for human food could be turned into oil and meal. 'Overdays' herring, not completely fresh, can still make oil and meal, though 'sludge' needs fresh fish. This policy got a great lift during the immediate post-war shortage of fats, not only here but in all the continental fishing countries. Herring meal is used for animal food, oil for human and animal; some even goes into fertilisers. Whether we are justified in killing our fellow vertebrates in this wholesale way is not an economist's problem, though oddly enough it did in a certain way shock the fishermen themselves, though they are now used to it.

But now most of the experts think that herring are quite certainly being over-fished. I myself find the evidence impressive for the disastrous effect of fishing three-year-old herring on the Bløden grounds by Danish trawlers that land their catch in Esbjerg for conversion into meal. This is the argument in Hodgson's important book, *The Herring and its Fishery*. Other scientific experts put rather more blame on the German and Belgian fisheries at the mouth of the Channel. Our old drift nets were biologically correct, in so far as they only caught mature herring which had already made their contribution to the fish population. But it is getting harder and harder even to find a place to shoot a fleet of drift nets from one boat, because of fast-moving trawlers dragging their nets all over the grounds.

Of course, if the fisheries experts of all fishing countries got together, simply to think out a fish conservation policy, they would have no difficulty, any more than the atomic scientists would have if they were asked to deal with radiation dangers. But, in practice, none of them is free. All have behind them pressure from their own fishing lobbies. In some countries these are particularly important; they must be in Iceland since there is virtually no other industry except growing carnations in geyser-heated greenhouses. It is quite clear that Icelandic policy is not primarily one of fish conservation, but rather of straight trade protection, for they have quite a large trawler fleet of their own, eat a lot of their own fish and sell the rest to Russia, eastern and central Europe and even, dried, to Africa.

On the other hand, the Icelandic fleet is certainly not as large as the combined fleets of all the fishing countries, so there is an element of conservation in it. I wonder what the currents were behind the congress at Middelfart: whether Iceland's representatives were told that they mustn't shift an inch but must behave like Gunnar of Lithend and other non-shifting heroes of Icelandic history. Did any British representative consider the counter-measure of closing the Scottish waters, or would the idea of the Minch being closed to all trawlers have been too unpopular with our own trawling lobby?

But whatever happens there are not only governments to convince, but fishermen. They, more than anyone, know about the dangers of over-fishing, yet they are always reluctant to do the very things that would help, like fishing with legal, large-mesh nets, instead of illegal, small-mesh ones. Some other boat got away with it and so. . . . Fishing is tricky and dangerous enough without this constant competitive urge behind the fishermen who are so often only just making a living. And this goes for fishermen of all countries, who are decent, grand folk to deal with except over this one thing.

Sometimes I wonder whether this is one of the industries which, for the sake not of economics, but of morality, should be in the hands of state boards which would not be desperate for dividends if this meant international complications, and which would take the immediate financial burden off the fishermen (who are not necessarily clever with money) and allow them to be honest.

Naomi Mitchison

My First Affair

I had been loosely at school in England and America. The first had been like a penitentiary, the second like a luxury hotel. In all, I had learnt about nothing much more than bird life in Savernake Forest (and had found a note in my desk saying: *You are a cad, swotting up birds instead of cheering 'A' House.*) and spoon-fishing in the Adirondack Lakes. My mother and brother, since my father was in New York, had then sent me to a crammer's to prepare to enter Oxford, and again there was football, a beautiful countryside and a rather keen inter-house competition in schoolboy erotics. I then retired, with my family, to Partridge Green in Sussex, a young failure. My brother, six years older than myself, had come down from Oxford with brilliant debts and prevailed on my mother to send me to New Zealand. 'Like a convict', said my brother, lighting an Abdulla, 'but he will no doubt end up owning millions of sheep'.

I sailed to New Zealand on a government-sponsored passage with a group of about 30 other lost youths and arrived in Auckland, where we were met by a clergyman who gave us a talk about opportunity and clean living. Then we were seen off to our respective employers. Mine was in South Island, and it meant another sea journey between the two islands and a rail trip to the township of Wakatipu. This lay beside a great jewel-blue lake with a snow-capped mountain behind it, and I felt a flicker of joy, the old joy of spoon-fishing and forests, and owls at night and a secret nymph behind the spicy bracken. The nearest thing I had ever got to one of these was fumbling with a plump girl called Brenda at Partridge Green. (When, much later, I really met the true nymph of the forest I never got over it.)

My sheep station was at the head of the lake, and when I arrived there I found that I was one of about ten brand-new English roustabouts who had all failed their exams. They were given jobs as assistant cowmen, vegetable garden weeders, assistant ditch tenders and, least popular of all, dag-men, which implied following around any one of 20,000 sheep and snipping off dung. I was relegated to cows and the care of a huge Friesian bull who used to stare, brooding, at the ground like an angry old poet, and who had lately killed a Swedish cook. 'The cook was drunk', explained the head cowman, 'and offered the animal some whisky'. 'I'll never do that', I promised.

Among the failed English scholars was a tall, spectacled man called Julius Bronson. He had studied in some sort of seminary and had, it was rumoured, been expelled for startling behaviour. 'I can't bear animals', he told us, 'mainly because of the smell'. He dressed better than any of us, and hung his room with prints and crucifixes, and even pieces of brocade. While the rest of us drank beer in Hawea or went to dances in Wakatipu looking for nymphs and fighting with the locals, Bronson sat in his room reading Milton. On Sundays, and certain saints' days, he burned incense. He was a hard worker and had been drafted to vegetables, which he disliked only a little less than animals (except for vegetable marrows). Later he specialised in flowers. This was possible because the owner of the sheep station was a millonaire, and it helped his prestige when his wife gave masses of home-grown flowers to charity, even though the station was running at a loss. All this was perfectly reasonable, the Milton and the flowers, the incense, vegetable marrows and the brocade. Everywhere else it was the Twenties, and Bronson would have been in his element, tangled up with high-church liturgies and cynical saxophones. But to us, lost public-school boys among mountains where parrots are sheep, he was a sort of goad; and he often came back to his room to find it crammed with sheep, or rhubarb, or hay.

After a time we all began to drift away, and a year later I found myself in Christchurch, selling disinfectant. I lived in a sort of suburb, in a neat white bungalow with a small rose garden in a street called Regent Street. The house was called Kia Ora, and belonged to an old lady by the name of Mrs Softcup. She had a daughter called Kate who was about 30 and who sang. The family had arrived from London about three years earlier and found little difference between Christchurch and Wimbledon, except perhaps that Christchurch was more English. Kate had been married to some sort of Shakespearian actor and Mrs Softcup told me that he was atrociously wicked. At first Kate had just been a woman in a house, but gradually I began to see her face only in a sort of haze, and within the haze was the nymph behind the mountains and the mysterious plump girl of Partridge Green. Kate worked in a gramophone shop, and I began to long for the evenings when she came back to Kia Ora from work and filled the house with lovely doubts and problems and could be secretly fitted with myths. I sold no disinfectant, and wrote poems.

Kate took no notice of me at all. She had a friend who came to the house called Mr Lennox. He was a small man with a toothbrush moustache and a bowler hat and he always carried an attache case full of papers with estimates. He could prune roses, make chicken runs, mend plugs and fuses and talk fluently about the reasonable things of this world. I envied him. He disliked me at first sight and used to trip me up in conversation. When Kate laughed I used to feel it was a horrible victory for fuse-wire and estimates over something I couldn't actually name, but which is with one all one's life. However, I had to start. So one evening I put all the poems, about 50, on the table beside her bed and the next day hung around Kia Ora in a sort of agony. At last she appeared, but she didn't look any different or say anything. I had obviously lost. I went and had a miserable bath and was lying in the water like a man lost in an ocean. Why, I thought, couldn't things travel through the air like waves or beams? Or was life only appearance? And might one never get past that all-important frontier? When suddenly the bathroom door opened (I had forgotten to lock it) and Kate walked in.

'Oh', she said, 'I'm sorry'. But she didn't leave. She was laughing and suddenly she was kissing me. It was only a short kiss and then she left, still laughing, and the next day, in some way or other, I managed to push Mr Lennox off a ladder and I was surprised to hear Kate laughing again. Kate and Mr Lennox had a frightful row, and I knew, secretly, that I was sorry for him and all the fuses he had mended and the coops he had carpentered and the shoes he had cleaned, but I had to cross the frontier. He never came back.

The next day I asked Kate about the poems. 'I haven't read all of them', she said. 'Fifty is rather a lot, isn't it?' Only later she told me she hadn't read any of them. She had liked the handwriting, but it didn't matter. Finally, after ups and downs, I crossed the frontier and was amazed to discover, the next day, that everything was different only in being more the same. As time went on I sold more disinfectant, and gave up writing poems and could have become Lord Mayor of Christchurch, if it hadn't been for a man called Mr Horner, who was the smartest dentist in town. He began to visit Kia Ora and one evening Kate told me all was over between us. A week later, after giving up disinfectant, and moping about in the garden at Kia Ora, which was full of Mr Horner's pigeons, I decided to strike out into the bush and, if necessary, kill wild boar.

This took me a year. At that time, if not now, it was possible to roam around New Zealand without a penny in one's pocket. I made for Dunedin and struck west towards the wild west coast where there was alluvial gold, paradise duck and black-widow spiders. On the way I came across most of the English public-school boys who had been with me at Wakatipu, a few like myself swagging to far horizons until they ended up in prison or were recalled home by their parents. One had become a barber's assistant in a small township in Otago; another was a barman; and the youth who had helped with the irrigation had actually married a fairly old lady in Greymouth. I helped with harvesting, worked on sheep stations, and climbed snow-topped passes. Then I returned to Christchurch.

When I reached Kia Ora, the old sweet ache gripped my bones, and I might never have gone away. I walked into the garden and found the pigeons had gone, and I could feel that Mr Horner's presence had evaporated. I was right. Mrs Softcup and Kate were sitting in deck chairs drinking tea; and a tall man was bending over with his back to me, pruning a rose tree. 'Anthony!' cried Kate, rising, 'I knew you'd be back. You look like an explorer. I want you to meet my husband. He's the new curate at St Agnes.' The tall figure turned round from the rose tree, and walked towards me, hand outstretched. Flecked, magnified eyes glinted through spectacles. It was Julius Bronson, the public-school gardener from Wakatipu.

ANTHONY CARSON

SHELL
COUNTY GUIDES
Edited by John Betjeman

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The Arts and Entertainment

American Tragedy

Mr Arthur Miller is generally considered over here one of the more important American playwrights chiefly by virtue of his highly developed social conscience. We praise him for tackling the problems which some people think it the only proper function of the artist in society today to tackle – namely bringing into consciousness the kind of conflicts which confront ordinary people in their relations with society. Thus the first of the plays in the newly published collected edition* is *All My Sons*, an Ibsen-type play which showed a manufacturer in the war supplying to the Air Force machinery which he knew to be defective, for the sake of profit. This we have taken as a bitter commentary on business ethics. The next play, *Death of a Salesman*, in the expressionist manner (a play which had a remarkable success in New York where they wept openly in the theatre night after night), was taken as a savage exposure of the American worship of the bitch-goddess, Success. *The Crucible* seemed to be a direct attack on McCarthyism in the form of a historical re-creation of the Salem witch hunts. Thus, with these three successes, Mr Miller was pigeon-holed in our minds as a social dramatist. And if the last of the plays, *A View from the Bridge*, the melodramatic tale of a longshoreman in love with his own niece, didn't quite fit the category, its passionate realism successfully obscured the fact from us.

The Preface to this collected edition (together with the preface to *A View from the Bridge* published separately) is there to tell us that we have got Mr Miller all wrong. As he explains in his somewhat tortuous prose style, he is after things he considers altogether more important. *The Crucible* was not meant to be merely a mirror held up to the Un-American Activities Committee; it was meant to explore pure evil, evil as wholehearted as Iago's:

> I believe that, from whatever cause, a dedication to evil, not mistaking it for good, but knowing it as evil and loving it as evil, is possible in human beings who appear agreeable and normal.

All My Sons was not just an exposure of business ethics:

> What I was after was the wonder in the fact that consequences of actions are as real as the actions themselves, yet we rarely take them into consideration as we perform actions, and we cannot hope to do so fully when we must always act with only partial knowledge of consequences. . . .

In *Death of a Salesman*:

> I aimed to make a play with the veritable countenance of life. To make one the many, as in life, so that 'society' is a power and a mystery of custom and inside the man and surrounding him, as the fish is in the sea and the sea inside the fish, his birthplace and burial ground, promise and threat.

If we have failed to appreciate in the plays themselves these overtones of intention (and a great many others that the Preface explores), it is not just because they are as obscure as the quotations indicate, but because quite simply they have not, most of them, got into the actual plays themselves. Mr Miller is perpetually trying to reconcile opposites – prose and verse, realism and 'poetry', the trivial and the tragic. And there is always this gap between his talents and his intentions, as wide as that between the vivid clarity of his dialogue in the plays and the worrying tortuousness of his style in the Preface. Mr Miller's undoubted and remarkable talent is for simple strong emotional scenes brilliantly expressed in the highly vivid realistic dialogue of his country and his time. This is not a talent to be despised. American realistic dialogue, for one thing, is something quite different from ours. Current language, with us, is temporarily dead. Our use of it may be elegant or inelegant: we can shuffle the surface to get effects of one kind or another (but this is to get literary). Our realistic dialogue has what decorators call a matt surface: it has no lights in it. When it works, it works by implication – by what is not said rather than by what is said.

But for the Americans, who are still fusing many races into their culture, language is still a living thing. They are active and creative in their use of it. They have scant respect for the professors and the grammarians. If they want to invent a usage they go ahead and invent it. To hell with Fowler. So their dialogue is all the time sparking off. Of this sort of dialogue Mr Miller is quite a master.

But temperamentally he is unable to be content with his talent and to use it uninhibitedly (otherwise we should have more than the five plays in this volume). All honour to him, he is after higher things. But he hasn't yet, I suggest, found the way of getting them out of the prefaces and into the plays. What he seems really to be after is some way of writing the tragedy of the little man. He is well aware of the difficulties involved, but he is battering on. That generosity of mind which colours his political thinking insists that the little man is as much entitled to his tragedy as the big man of old. And yet, as he points out himself, when the little man is projected into a drama which aims at the tragic, he only manages to achieve the pathetic. He finds the cause for this in industrial society; and it makes no difference in his view whether that industrial society is Communist, capitalist or socialist. Industrial society is not interested in men as men, only in men as efficient instruments:

> The absolute value of the individual human being is believed in only as a secondary value: it stands well below the needs of efficient production. We have finally come to serve the machine. The machine must not be stopped, marred, left dirty or outmoded. Only man can be left marred, stopped dirty or alone.

And though a dramatist can, as Mr Miller did with Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman*, very powerfully impose an image of such a man who has become inefficient and lonely, he still doesn't invoke the tragic sense in us, only the pathetic.

This, maybe, is only because Mr Miller has not succeeded in getting into his play all that was meant to be there. He is only incidentally revealing the futility which is the major impression that comes over to us. What he is trying, he tells us, to find in all of his protagonists is the point at which they refuse to evade some issue, to find in them that one issue which will make them stand to the end. Mostly, we ordinary people, he says, who are not brought up against major decisions of conscience, shrug our way out of our difficulties. Evasion is our technique for living. In Willy Loman, the failed salesman, and Eddie, the passionate longshoreman of *A View from the Bridge*, Mr Miller is trying to create heroes who are heroes because each of them finds in himself the issue which he can't shrug off, which he must face even to the death.

The use of a narrator in *A View from the Bridge* is a confession that Mr Miller hasn't yet found the way of working this theory into the stuff of the play itself. And even the narrator doesn't succeed in getting the idea over to us in the theatre. At one point in the Preface Mr Miller defines a tragic hero as one who accepts the laws and '*mores*' of a society and yet outrages them; whereas anyone who outrages the laws and *mores* of our societies is regarded simply as a 'misfit'. And though we may see, now he has explained it, that Eddie, the longshoreman, was meant to be such a tragic hero, because he did accept the law and *mores* of the society of Sicilian emigrés in which he lived, and did deliberately outrage them, that is not how he struck us at the time. He did strike us precisely just as a 'misfit' and we were never able to understand why the narrator kept telling us that finally 'we were able to mourn this man'.

Yet, if it is true that Mr Miller has not succeeded in his aim, I think it is also true that the fact that he is pursuing it gives his plays an intensity beyond their mere statement. And we have recognised this even though we may not have been able to define it.

T. C. Worsley

Band Call

The entertainment industry is proverbially reluctant to publish figures about itself unless they prove (a) that business is fabulous and (b) that taxable profits are negligible, but never more so than when it attempts to avoid the admission that there is a slump. Today such attempts are vain. Hard upon the headline in one trade paper: *Disc Depression? 'No' Says EMI* comes the information in *The Times's* financial columns that manufacturers' sales of records were 25 per cent. lower in May 1958 than in May 1957. Their output fell from 5.25 million discs to 4.6 millions. The sharp dip in sales in the spring of 1958, which this column recorded last April, is fully confirmed. Most of this loss has fallen on the old-fashioned 78 r.p.m. record, whose days seem to be numbered. Their output has almost halved, but LPs have not done so well either. Only the 45s have risen sharply, partly as a substitute for the clumsier 78s, partly for the expensive LPs.

How far this recession will affect the American visitors' season, which is due to begin in September, remains to be seen. The programme so far announced is a shade less packed than last year's. 'Jazz From Carnegie Hall', an assorted package of modernists, opens on 6 September with the trombone team of J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding, two saxes (Zoot Sims and the devoted and unworldly Lee Konitz), two pianists (Red Garland and the brilliant Phineas Newborn), Oscar Pettiford on bass and Kenny Clarke on temporary loan from Paris on drums. The theory that profitable concerts are made by throwing together several star names on one stage may well be once again verified; the theory that this produces memorable jazz remains to be tested. October will be a remarkable month. We shall once again hear the admirable blues of James Rushing (just crowned in an international critics' poll) and that pillar of the Mississippi blues, McKinlay Morganfield ('Muddy Waters'). We shall also, and gratefully, welcome the Ellington orchestra: the greatest of jazz bands and the ablest of jazz brains. All these will appear at the Leeds Festival (13-18 October) thus turning that unexpected city into the temporary jazz capital of the world. They will also tour. For next spring a return visit of Louis Armstrong and a tour by Buck Clayton's All Stars are announced. Armstrong needs no recommendation; Clayton's splendid and musicianly jazz should need none either.

**Collected Plays*. By Arthur Miller. *Cresset*. 25*s*.

Most of these visitors are, in one way or another, products of the big bands which dominated American jazz from the early 1930s to the late '40s, but are now (with rare exceptions) out of fashion. They therefore raise the interesting problem of the professional education of jazz musicians. Entrepreneurs are not worried about training: they hire musicians ready-made or not at all. But though jazz is rather easy to learn and play in a simple way – it was, in fact, originally designed for and by people with a minimum of professional qualifications – the mature and fully formed musician is a trained artist-craftsman of a very high order indeed. Hitherto the only institution for his higher musical education has been the big band. There he could learn versatility, discipline and co-operation, how to handle a large 'book' (repertoire) and difficult arrangements, and above all, unerring judgment and 'swing'. It was and is a hard school. Very few good players are content always to play in big bands. Mr Buck Clayton, for instance, who has graduated from Count Basie's band in its greatest days to small-group work, feels that the original ideas and speed of decision required by the small 'combo' make for more interesting playing. The old habit of organising jam-sessions for experiment and enjoyment after big-band hours was not, he argues, an adequate substitute. But the point is not that the big band is musically the most satisfactory vehicle for jazz – probably it is not – but that it is educationally indispensable. And experts as widely different at Buck Clayton the trumpeter and Norman Granz the impresario have told me, quite independently, that they do not see where young players, born, say, after 1939, are to get this kind of training now that the big band is in eclipse.

Neither the 'modern' small group nor the European 'traditionalist' band is an alternative. 'Modern' jazz, though technically demanding, is a poor school of collective music, if only because the discipline of the big band is one of the things the 'modernist' revolutionaries have tried to break away from. No player formed in the 1930s would spoil his group work by hogging endless solo choruses, as at least one highly talented British sax-player habitually does. 'Traditionalist' bands have mostly grown out of amateur groups, more enthusiastic about feeling than technique, and have simply not made sufficiently stiff and varied demands on their players to educate them properly. This may be partly because such bands have, by and large, had it much too easy. The 'fans' are often content with the mere capacity to generate intensity or *joie de vivre*, both of which are admirable and indispensable, but not the whole of jazz. Few players brought up in the 'trad' school have developed fully until they grew tired of its limitations, and none has developed as rapidly as he might have done with big-band training. The truth is that in jazz, as in the other arts, inspiration without professionalism and apprenticeship is not enough. Still, who knows – perhaps the big band will return (Mr Humphrey Lyttelton's orchestra is fast evolving into one). We shall all criticise it; but, like Czerny, it will be essential.

The big band was irrelevant to Big Bill Broonzy, who has just died, at the official age of 65. He was born in Mississippi, raised in Arkansas, matured in Chicago. All his life he sang the blues, and nothing but the blues, until lung-cancer, a brain-tumour, and perhaps just living too much, killed him. He has left his own best epitaph in his numerous records, and in the autobiography *Big Bill Blues* (written with Yannick Bruynoghe, Cassell, 1955). Europe appreciated him more than his own country, but when he visited us last, he knew he was going to die. Let us leave the last word to him, for he was always articulate:

> But when you write about me, please don't say I'm a jazz musician. Don't say I'm a musician or a guitar player – just write Big Bill was a well-known blues-singer and player and has recorded 260 blues songs from 1925 up to 1952; he was a happy man when he was drunk and playing with women; he was liked by all the blues singers, some would get a little jealous sometimes, but Bill would buy a bottle of whisky and they all would start laughing and playing again, Big Bill would get drunk and slip off from the party and go home to sleep. . . .

FRANCIS NEWTON

Two Little Ballet Companies

THE Western Theatre Ballet (at the Lyric, Hammersmith) is keen to be up to date, to give us an interpretation of contemporary life as understood in a capitalist state. By contrast the Communist Ballet from Poland (at Sadler's Wells) is always harking back to the past, to peasant traditions, mazurkas in Old Polish Manors and Good and Evil judged from an ecclesiastical point of view. This is the striking difference between these two small companies.

Felix Parnell's Ballet from Poland has a jovial hotch-potch of national, barefoot and ballet styles. It is not a highly disciplined company, such as those that come from the USSR, but, after an over-long peasant wedding, the numbers become various and generally endearing. Those lush nymphs, indiscreetly draped in pink, blue and white chiffon, who skip with delightful Edwardian sexiness round a bewildered little faun, make *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* into a charmingly ridiculous vaudeville act. Indeed, the whole programme has a vaudeville atmosphere, with comic rustic scenes, ballet acrobatics and the drama of Faustian devils.

There is one member of the company who stands out above the rest, both as dancer and actor. A little man with a nutty sort of resilience to life, who is absolutely convincing in all his roles, which range from demons to bumpkins. He performs simply, without apparent effort, so that we are never forced into awareness of the great artistry behind his work. Wlodzimierz Traczewski is one of those unusual dancers who can transform even the most difficult steps into part of the character he is portraying. Most ballet dancers perform in two different ways, for they dance the set steps formally, without characterisation, just as they have been taught in the classroom. Only when these technical problems are over can they begin to mime their assumed personality. The more skilled sometimes manage to act a little with their faces while they are whirling about – though these are few enough – but it is rare to find anyone who can characterise the formal ballet gestures. When Traczewski is on the stage we watch nobody else: the dramatic and humorous expressions of his face, the puckish agility, the catlike ferocity all seem to have emotional maturity and a fine human apprehension.

The Western Theatre Ballet lacks this kind of

GALLAHER'S
RICH DARK HONEYDEW
FLAKE
GALLAHER'S
RICH DARK HONEYDEW
RUBBED OUT

RICH DARK HONEYDEW
FLAKE 4/11 RUBBED OUT
PER OZ.

emotional maturity – there is rather an underdone flavour to some of its work – but this is not surprising in a young and ambitious company. Such ballets as *Celeste and Celestinha, Non-Stop* and *The Prisoners* are good entertainment for a small theatre. *Girl in a Mask*, after Brecht's *Good Woman of Setzuan*, is beautiful and intriguing in patches; but it is so broken up by unnecessary scene shuffling and so overlong, that the drama is frittered away. Brenda Last and Hazel Merry are pretty and clever dancers, but they cannot enliven the muddle that has been made of *Peter and the Wolf* with its coy fun and vulgar Bavarian costumes.

ANNABEL FARJEON

All Not So Quiet

THE war film that needs war music is a bad one: *A Time to Love and a Time to Die* has, I'm afraid, lots of it. Music for the guns, music for attack and retreat, music for air raids, music for the lull, music for (in this case) the futility of the whole thing.

The film is in colour. This again is employed lushly as a sugar coating on what might be stark and chill. Much of Remarque's story about the last war is set in the ruins of a German city to which a private from the Eastern front comes back on leave: they may be real, they look stagey. We don't believe in the love-in-a-bedroom – if only because the lovers stand by a window with the bombs dropping; they find, of course, the only night-club still open; people are hungry, but don't look it; diggers for the dying, the still standing door pinned with messages, the girl threatened by the Gestapo, the church open to heaven where fugitives are safe – all are wrapped round with the warm feeling of a fiction less concerned with its material than its audience. The message – that tyranny and war are evil, and that under them love's idyll will be broken – thus comes with all the meretriciousness of Christmas wrappings. And this isn't made any better by the introductory voice of the publicist assuring us that the author of that great film, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, has done it again.

Remarque himself appears late in the film as a sad, stoical professor, wanted by the Nazis and believing in God. His commentary on events is more impressive than events themselves; and here and there the film has provided an authentic moment. For example, the funeral cortège suddenly vanishing as bombs fall, and the horses with their trappings and the black carriage are left deserted. The bleak background of the Eastern front is impressive, and the hero's return to it. Once they were miserably advancing, now they more miserably retreat. He is shot dead; his hand trails over the letter from his young wife that has fallen into the puddle. But even this is only a pale echo of *All Quiet*. That novel, for all its limitations, shocked with reality, had a straight message (pacifism), and made a film that is still a landmark. This new film (I can't speak for the novel) is out of touch, shocked instead of shocking, feebly contrived, seeking safe consolation. The fact that we have so recently seen *The Unknown Soldier* makes its 'realism' fall shorter.

The new Hitchcock – *Vertigo* (Odeon) – is one of his Alexandrines, dragging a slow length along. Hocus-pocus takes the place of tension, the hero is a detective suffering from acrophobia (fear of heights), and no Hitchcock hero should be so inhibited; everything gets repeated, and when we've resigned ourselves to a lot of bosh about being possessed by the dead, it seems that an ingenious plot of the living is really afoot; but that doesn't improve matters.

The good little film about children that could be better but is pleasant to be going on with has become almost a regular feature of British production. *A Cry from the Streets* (Plaza) follows three urchins, whose father has murdered their mother, to a deprived children's home (I think that is its description) run by the local council. Their fortunes, and those of others up to the age of sixteen are made acceptable by the children themselves, by an unpretentious if sentimental plot, agreeable photography of London streets, and Max Bygraves as an electrician who short-circuits the ideas of a social worker.

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God Bless the Squire!

THE crashing snob and the militant anti-snob are much alike in temper. Only those whose future status seems to them ominously insecure and those incurably angry about their own 'inferiority' should have been embarrassed or personally disturbed by the first of Christopher Mayhew's TV series, *Does Class Matter?*

All the same, a great deal of unnecessary and rather absurd misery and waste of potential talent is caused by the fact that, as Mr Mayhew says, 'we British are still one of the most class-ridden peoples in the world'. Perhaps in future instalments he will try to analyse the extent to which this fact is resented by people of various classes. How typical is his electrician, who seemed to pass painlessly from one social situation to another – from the village cricket match in which he and the managing director were equal, and dressed alike, to a domestic setting in which he could say that it was 'rather impossible to mix with the other classes in your own private life'? How typical is his new-rich business man, seen leaving an elaborate Tudoresque house – 'mansion', rather – 'in his second Rolls', who seemed genuinely to feel no animosity either towards the class to which his father, a jobbing gardener, had belonged or towards the class in which, economically at least, he now finds himself?

Questions crowd into the mind as one reflects on this series, which seems likely to add up to one of the best documentaries that the BBC has done and the best thing – save for his memorable Mirfield visit – that Mr Mayhew has done. As I have indicated, his first set of characters mostly accept class distinctions with equanimity. We saw a blacksmith, for instance, who had won £28,750 in the pools and had 'no social ambitions'. But we also learned that he was going to move into a new house. When he is in that house, if it is in a 'good' residential district, won't his wife and daughters (if he has any) soon start acquiring the neighbours' tabus, join the tennis club, and go to the Young Conservatives' barbecues?

Will Mr Mayhew explore such differences between men and women? (Of course, this sex-differentiation implies a wild generalisation invalid in thousands of cases; but then, such a series as this is bound to generalise—it can only map very roughly this complex and changing swamp in our collective subconscious.) Will he also probe differences between urban and rural attitudes? (It struck me that, for a nation so predominantly urban as ours, rather too many of his examples were from the country, where a quasi-feudal acceptance of hereditary differences in status still lingers.) In this connection, why is a Scottish, or even a Loamshire, accent less of a handicap socially than either the excessive refinement of the Bayswater landlady or the thick, commercial Great Portland Street voice which Mr Ustinov mimics so excruciatingly? Xenophilia in one case, crypto-anti-Semitism in another? How quickly and how consciously is an accent changed? I should have liked to know what school the new-rich man was sending his son to, and to hear the son speak.

Again, do Mr Mayhew's investigations lead him to conclude that those moving into a higher stratum tend, deliberately or unconsciously, to avoid situations in which they may not know some of the shibboleths? His managing director, whose grandfather was a merchant, belongs to the City of London Club: if he wanted a west-end club, would he risk being blackballed at White's? One gap in Mr Mayhew's first instalment was that it did not display at full length, and in uninhibited class- and self-revelation, anybody unchallengeably and confidently 'U'. This may be because the few persons of this kind still extant would never agree to be interviewed for television.

On the whole, Mr Mayhew's approach is impeccably objective: he exhibits differences without moralising about them. Thanks, no doubt, to Jack Ashley, the producer, it was a relief to see a documentary inquiry that began with something happening (the cricket-match) and not with a face lecturing us from the screen. The objectivity, too, was constantly relieved by flashes of perceptive comment, by Mr Mayhew or those he was interviewing: in answering poll-questionnaires, he found, 'we tend to over-rank ourselves'; because some working-class children cannot stay the full time, grammar-school *sixth* forms especially 'get a middle-class flavour'; one woman liked her husband to have a white-collar job not so much for consciously snobbish or for economic reasons as because 'he comes home clean at night'; one room we saw was furnished with 'books such as you find in middle-class homes – *Wisden* and Wodehouses and the rest' (but was it here that we saw *granulated* sugar being spooned into an afternoon cup of tea?).

Despite the general impression of contentment with station that emerged from this first instalment (of five, each Monday at 9.30 p.m.), 95 per cent. of those questioned put education as the first determinant of class. Education is related directly to the securing of a job that is both socially and economically satisfactory. It is hard to believe that most people will acquiesce for much longer in an educational system which artificially reserves so many of the best jobs for those with a particular kind of education, identified by a particular accent . . . unless, indeed, too much TV has lulled them into a daydream in which ever-increasing quiz-prizes enable them to send all their children to Eton or Wycombe Abbey.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

HIGH NOON IN KUWAIT

SIR,—I have pondered at intervals over the problem of whether or not to comment on Mr Paul Johnson's 'High Noon in Kuwait', published in your issue of 26 July. My difficulty has been that his article is a compound of fact, half-truth and scurrility which does little service to the reputation of the NEW STATESMAN and none to relations between Britain and Kuwait.

To take one of the half-truths: A 'British Controller of Planning' was appointed in 1952. Contrary to what Mr Johnson states, 'We', by which I presume that he means the British government, did not persuade the Ruler to appoint the Controller. The decision and choice were made internally in Kuwait. Contracts were not awarded to five British firms: they were made with five Kuwaiti firms and their British partners, brought in to provide the skill and equipment to undertake works of development. The reason for the dissolution of this system was that it placed all development work, and its profits, in the hands of the five Kuwaiti firms, leaving others to look on enviously. No commercial community could tolerate such a system for long: the Kuwaitis brought it to an end.

British protection of Kuwait dates back to November 1914, when the Political Resident in the Persian Gulf wrote to the Ruler: 'The British government does recognise and admit that the Sheikhdom of Kuwait is an independent government under British protection'. What may be called honorary membership of the sterling area took place some 40 years later. It is plainly ludicrous for Mr Johnson, or ignorance on his part, to describe membership of the sterling area as the price of protection.

From this point, Mr. Johnson vomits two paragraphs of acid spite at the Al Subah family. It appears that nothing that they do is right. 'The huge new hospitals, schools and reservoirs are merely a façade' for evils. Only one of the Al Subah 'appears to have the glimmerings of common sense'. The Ruler has 'absolute prerogatives'.

But, if all this is true, why build hospitals which are run by skilled surgeons and physicians, furnished with the most up-to-date equipment, and open free to all neighbouring nationalities? Why send individuals, even non-Kuwaitis, to London and elsewhere for highly specialised medical and surgical treatment, at no expense to the patients? Why provide schools, which, as Mr Johnson says, are staffed largely by nationals of other countries? Why send considerable numbers of young Kuwaitis to study in the Lebanon, Egypt, the United Kingdom and USA? Does a foul autocracy care for the health of its people or educate them in liberal ideas? Does it, moreover, make the ample supply of water and electricity one of its first concerns on the acquisition of sufficient revenue? (I myself was authorised to place the order for the first water distillation plant in 1949.)

Surely there is a contradiction, which must have struck readers of the NEW STATESMAN, between these beneficent activities and the evil-mindedness attributed by Mr Johnson to the ruling family? Why spend all this money—and it runs into many millions of pounds—when it could so easily have been diverted to 'corruption and profligacy'?

As to Mr Johnson's accuracy on political affairs in Kuwait, it can be guessed from the fact that he misquotes the name, status, place of training and former occupation of one of his two protagonists for the ousting of the Al Subah. I wonder if Mr Johnson obtained his misinformation from newspapers of the Suez period, where they first appeared? And, if Mr Johnson knows so little about the individual concerned, how can he assess his capabilities for the high role cast for him by the prescient Mr Johnson?

I have served His Highness the Ruler of Kuwait for eleven years. I know him to be a devout, sincere man, working always for the good of his people. He cares nothing for money for his own purposes and regards himself as trustee of his great income for his people. If the Al Subah are 'rotting', as Mr. Johnson would have it, I have seen no sign of it. On the contrary, they are an active, shrewd and virile set of men, born to rule and well capable of it. Despite the evils which Mr Johnson found on a 'breathtaking scale', the population of Kuwait is enjoying prosperity and social welfare of an almost inconceivable degree. It is even allowed to think for itself in those 'political' clubs, originally, and perhaps now, financed by the Ruler.

H. T. KEMP
London Representative of His Highness
the Ruler of Kuwait
Pages Lane, N10

[Paul Johnson writes: (1) The information that a Controller of Planning was appointed on British advice was given me by the British Political Agency in Kuwait. (2) Mr Kemp's paragraph on the awarding of contracts is disingenuous. At the insistence of the ruling family, the five British firms were forced to take on Kuwaiti 'sleeping partners,' who shared the profits. Since the contracts were awarded on a 'cost-plus' basis—the 'plus' being 7½ per cent in each case—the Kuwaiti partners made vast profits without having invested any capital. The British firms were blamed for the consequent high expenditure, though in fact it was the fault of the Ruling family. (3) The sterling area, as Mr Kemp should know, did not exist in 1914. Kuwait automatically became a member when it was formed, and her membership—which became highly significant after the oil began to flow in 1946—is now the price of *continued* protection. (4) I obtained my information about Sheikh Jarem Al-Katani from the gentleman himself. (5) In view of his current income, the Ruler's expenditure on welfare cannot be described as unduly generous. In any case, a growing number of Kuwaitis believe that the oil-wealth is theirs of right and should not continue to remain at the arbitrary disposal of a despotic feudal leader. The experience of Iraq, where the oil revenues have been far more sensibly employed for some years, should have convinced Mr Kemp that welfare is not enough. Unless major changes are made in Kuwait in the very near future, I fear he will soon be out of a job.—ED., *NS*.]

CONFESSIONS IN ULSTER

SIR,—As I have recently retired from the position of General Officer Commanding Northern Ireland District I feel that I can speak impartially of the work which the Army and the Royal Ulster Constabulary have been doing during the past eighteen months. In this period the Army and the police co-operated in combating the activities of the IRA and other illegal organisations in their campaign of murder.

This co-operation necessitated daily contact between the Army and the police at all levels. I am therefore in a position to say that it is fantastic to suggest that the police have been guilty of the conduct suggested in your correspondent's letter.

At all levels both I and my staff have found the police to be a considerate, reasonable and humane force. No one who goes to Northern Ireland and inquiries into the situation could say otherwise.

BRIAN KIMMINS
South Petherton
Somerset

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr John Hostettler, has got it wrong. The two young men he said were 'placed in indefinite detention in Belfast's notorious Crumlin Road Jail', are in fact now awaiting trial on charges of (a) possession of arms and explosives, (b) conspiracy, (c) membership of the IRA. But his letter is nevertheless useful in that it does draw attention to the Not Guilty verdict of the jury which tried them for the booby trap murder of Sergeant Ovens, of the Royal Ulster Constabulary.

In the NEW STATESMAN correspondence columns of 4 January last I expressed my confidence that these two, who alleged that the police had forced them into confessing to the crime, would receive a fair trial. On 11 January, ex-British Army Brigadier Eric Dorman-Smith—who now calls himself Dorman-O'Gowan, lives in the Republic of Ireland, and has complained because I do not see fit to change *my* Ulster-Scots name to something more Irish—made the following challenging statement:

> The court and jury that tries them (the young men) will be drawn from their natural enemies . . . the police will naturally contest such a charge (of forcing confessions) and they will be believed in such circumstances. I do not believe it is possible for anyone accused of challenging the 'constitutional position' in Northern Ireland by violent methods to receive a fair trial, human nature being what it is.

Human nature being what it is I now have some pleasure in underlining the Not Guilty verdict so that the mud thrown by the former unsuccessful Liberal candidate for the Wirral is not allowed to stick any longer than is necessary. Far too often these days the British juryman, whether in Northern Ireland or elsewhere in the United Kingdom, is unreasonably suspected of prejudice against the prisoner

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in the dock when, in truth, he is leaning over backwards in his favour. My faith in that juryman remains . . . like my lack of faith in the judgment of Mr Eric Dorman-O'Gowan.

And lest this gentleman whose own brand of prejudice seems to be racial—I am apparently not as good an Irishman as he, because my humble farming family has only been wringing a living out of the bogs of Fermanagh, since the time of the Plantation! —should seek to prolong correspondence with some criticism of the new proceedings, I would give him this answer in advance. If the men concerned have a good defence, once again they will have nothing to fear.

JOHN GRAHAM

38 Elvaston Place, SW7

THE DELIGHTS OF HORROR

SIR,—I adore horror films and will stand in any queue if I know that there is a really good monster at the end of it.

Why? Not—as Critic seems to think—because the violence of the real world has given me a craving for even greater violence on the screen. The H-film's appeal is much simpler. It offers the perfect emotional release to those of us who are sick and tired of Hollywood's domination.

When I see a beetle the size of a bison inserting its plastic claws into the buttocks of some tedious Hollywood blonde I heave a sigh of delight because this is just what I have been wanting to do myself for years and years and years. Giant centipedes stinging Los Angeles cops . . . mammoth crabs knocking down the Empire State Building . . . best of all, titanic Things stalking down Wall Street and cramming the ticker tape into their fiendish maws . . . all this I find highly delectable, and just as it should be. And I make a point of leaving the theatre five minutes before the finale when—alas—the poor creatures are invariably done to death.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS

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SIR,—I read Critic last night while still 'sick to my stomach' with the after-effects of a visit to the film *Blackboard Jungle*. At least there's one thing in favour of more H-films—it might mean less V (for Violence) films, cynically tagged *exposé* by money-makers intent on adding insult to injury.

The 'mass-psychological' significance of the popularity of the H-film is surely linked with the H-bomb. However hard people will try to persuade themselves that it is pointless to worry about the H-bomb because its destructive power automatically precludes its use, it nevertheless exists. It cannot be 'laughed off'. But the latent hysteria its continued existence generates (and, incidentally, given a good fillip by the truthfulness of the recent UN radiation study-group) requires some sort of safety-valve. What better than a good gale of hysterical laughter at an equivalent (?) Horror—a monstrosity so absurd that laughter is the only possible human reaction.

The woolly-minded will not pause to consider in their merriment that all they've had is an aspirin, and that the root cause of the trouble is still with them; the thinkers, of course, have already been 'laughing' at their utter helplessness, as pawns in a gigantic game of atomic blackmail, for some considerable time.

D. PHETHERN

30 Alleyn Road, SE21

CENSORSHIP?

SIR,—On a recent trip to South Africa by a liner of a famous British shipping company I found a kind of censorship apparently operating in the library. There were several informative books on Africa, some obscure novels by South African authors, but with the exception of Paton none of the significant South African writers like Jack Cope, Nadine Gordimer, Harry Bloom, Anthony Sampson, etc.

I was informed that the company preferred not to keep 'controversial' books. This did not stop them from having *You Are Wrong, Father Huddleston*. Needless to say Father Huddleston's own book was not there.

It would probably be difficult to prove a deliberate political censorship. After all, a small library cannot be forced to buy all books. But I suggest liberal-minded persons likely to travel to South Africa should donate outstanding books to the ships' libraries. It would be interesting to see if these gifts were jettisoned later.

ANTHONY M. SUTTON

St Brelade, Jersey

MACHINE ÆSTHETES

SIR,—Mr Banham is incomplete in his facts and uncharitable in his conclusions.

He makes contemptuous fun of the 1930s architects for their 'fakery' with concrete. The truth is that reinforced concrete is not a very suitable material to expose to the weather. Its heat insulation is poor, rain may get at the vital steel inside, the expense of casting it *in situ*, especially for external walls, is high, and standards of craftsmanship—vital for stability—difficult to maintain.

We could not learn about these pitfalls—and change our design principles accordingly—without using the material 'wrongly' first. Technological history is rich in cases of materials being 'wrongly' used when they were first developed.

Surely then, Mr Banham and the New Brutalists if he represents them fairly, are churlish to repudiate the debt they owe to the 'fumbletrumpets' of the 'white architecture'.

JOHN CARTER

12 Nassington Road, NW3

[Reyner Banham writes: 'There are just two points I would like to take up. First, by the 1930s reinforced concrete was hardly an experimental material. Most of what could and could not be done with it had been sorted out by (for instance) Auguste Perret in France. The White Architects paid lip-service to him—but failed to learn from him. Secondly: they failed to learn, as I suggested, through the imposition of æsthetic prejudice on a fundamentally sound approach. It is that æsthetic, and the fumbletrumpets who propagandised it, that younger architects reject—much of the surviving White Architecture they, like myself, hold in esteem.'—ED., *NS*.]

THE BISHOPS AND THE BOMB

SIR,—From Mr Geoffrey Murray's defence of Dr Fisher's utterances on the subject of nuclear war it seems to follow that an Anglican Archbishop has no greater authority to make pronouncements on religious and moral questions than, say, the Editor of the NEW STATESMAN.

Fair enough; but there is the awkward fact that the Anglican Church believes in a Divine revelation through Christ and requires its ministers to declare it to men. But Mr Murray says there can be no certain knowledge of God's will. If he is right, no one need pay any attention to episcopal declarations on nuclear war or any other moral issue. Some of us, it may be, would not shrink from that conclusion.

KENNETH RAWLINGS

St Michael's Rectory
Lewes

THE LIBERAL FRAUD

SIR,—'Tis hard to grasp more than a gorgeous waist,
Here, in the summer palace of the West,
Off who's fair coast, enraged, and losing blood,
The outlawed Dockers chew expensive cud,
But foolishness be mine if anyone,
Sensed sense in Wright or any left in Johnstone.
This *intellectual critics* is enough—
Directly apprehend the real, of stuff—
Unique, Intuitive—and nonsense! What?
Must we forgo all he has plainly not,
And trip with Wright along her grassy sward,
Our guide *enlightenment*, our manners 'bored'?
I mean her mien—her taste's impeccable,
Clearly she's old—and wise, and knows the rule
That what you dare not scorn you ridicule.
What's more she's ladylike, and will not dish
Out platitudes set down in gibberish.
But no such education checks the scribe
Who'd like in Beckett's golden cart to ride.
Off with you lad!—and sit you on a bench
Read Ionesco and Great Sam—in French.
Then, maybe, you will see the difference.
Forgive my haste—time passes—Logue must in,
He's entertaining Lady D. to gin.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

Castaniers, France

OCCUPATIONAL DISCOMFORT

SIR,—Would you allow me to make one wan riposte to Mr. Hodgkin's awful review of my book *South African Winter*, which, to add to my other occupational discomforts, has belatedly reached me?

Among his reasons for disliking the book is its tendency to tell the reader too much about the author. But could it not be argued—I suggest it very diffidently, for I am losing my nerve—that a book, even a travel book, is a more proper medium for a writer's prejudices than a literary review in the NEW STATESMAN?

JAMES MORRIS

Beirut

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD

SIR,—1959 will be the Bi-Centenary year of the founding of the firm of Josiah Wedgwood & Sons Limited, Pottery Manufacturers, by Josiah Wedgwood, FRS (1730-95). I shall be much interested to know if any of your readers possess letters or documents of any kind relating to Josiah Wedgwood.

T. LYTH
Curator

Wedgwood Museum
Barlaston, Stoke-on-Trent

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Théophile Gautier

WE know him so well by sight, that large Drury Lane figure in the velvet coat, the cherry waistcoat, the yellow slippers, with his chestnut hair to his shoulders, his umbrella. We might have seen him walking along the boulevards in a burnous. Something between a doting Pasha, a scented and misanthropic barber who has let his figure go, a paterfamilias short of breath, smelling of cigars and dressed up rather more for himself than for the children, Théophile Gautier hardly needs a biography and it is no shock that there has been, up till now, no Life of him in English and no good one in French. He is The Picturesque, ubiquitous and in person, breaking up into innumerable thumbnail sketches in all the biographies, diaries, letters of the nineteenth century in France from the night of *Hernani* onwards. It is unfair but it is not unnatural: the apostle of the picturesque, the pursuer of art and Beauty has left his wardrobe in our memory rather than a life. 'How I forget everything when I am with him! I feel younger, the past is forgotten with him', wrote Eugénie Fort, one of his mistresses, 'for he is always in the future.' He dissolves as fatally as an actor from minute to minute.

Gautier is also one of those writers who sink out of sight under the load of hack work they have done. Posterity abominates periodicals. For a man of lazy, improvident, dreaming temperament, who poured so much away in brilliant conversation, who was forever on the move in salons, theatres, functions, who was on the trot between Paris, Geneva and London, who was all over Spain, Italy, Algeria, Egypt, Turkey, Greece and Russia, the amount of ephemeral writing is phenomenal and disastrous. To *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, to the poems he could not stop composing, to the *Voyage en Espagne*, must be added tales, novels, vaudevilles, his many books of travel and 40 years of dramatic and art criticism and descriptive journalism. To have sweated over so many articles when he might have idled over a masterpiece or two encourages one to believe he was frivolous. Worse: he complained of his labours at the time. The treadmill, he cried, had killed the poet and artist in him. And despite all that Flaubert, Baudelaire, Hugo, the Goncourts have said to the contrary, criticism has accepted his own self-judgment – adding, that his creative talent was small and died early. After that, there was nothing more to do than to grind away at the printers to keep his two sisters, his two mistresses and their children. We have a picture of him at work:

> There is a tradition that he used different coloured inks to relieve the monotony of journalism and 'went through all the colours of the rainbow'. Every Sunday, in the offices of *Le Moniteur Universel*, Gustave Claudin watched him at work on his Monday article, covering square after square of paper with microscopic writing; after every sheet he rose mechanically, went to the printer, gave in the sheet and (an unconscious habit) picked up a letter of print, examined it, replaced it in its box. The habit of working in the printer's office, among the clatter of the presses, the chugging of machines, the slamming of doors, the clamour of conversation, had become so fixed that he told Du Camp: 'I think I can only write now when I'm smelling printer's ink'. He waited till the last moment to write his articles, for 'you never have yourself guillotined before time'. He marked the errors in his proofs with his finger nail and went away, taking deep breaths of air, like a miner coming up from his underground passages when his day is done.

Miss Richardson's Life* is an intelligent and well-organised book. On his general character she is a shade too maternal for my taste. It is conventional and imprecise to complain that Gautier was selfish in his attitude to his mistresses and his son. However prodigal or improvident, he slaved to support the lot of them. Never was an unreliable lover so conscientious. It is not surprising that, like other colonies whose raw materials are being thoroughly exploited, Gautier should have had his independence movement. It is beside the point to say of a talent and temperament so instinctively ubiquitous, that he might have been 'happier' if he had settled down. It requires great certainty to know where the happiness of people lies. Selfishness is the wrong word. He was an egoist; he was impersonal; he was insensitive, as his excessive love of paradox shows; he lived in his imagination and the imagination has its own honesty. It was almost exclusively a visual imagination, and like a great many writers – no doubt, not those of the first rank – he was, without really knowing it, a man made of words. It is an 'inhuman' characteristic; on the other hand, not one of his large number of friends nor of the women he was in love with, speaks of him with anything but affection and admiration.

When she turns to Gautier as a writer, Miss Richardson has many important and suggestive things to say. As a poet and artist, Gautier was lightly equipped. He was not a thinker, a moralist or an intellectual. He had first wished to be a painter and he retained that non-intellectual view of the world, a regard for its physical appearance alone, which many painters have and which makes their company original and refreshing. His passion for ideal Beauty was less a philosophy than an emotional sense of the horizon that induces the delight of an endless pursuit. An æsthete, a pantheist but without the gods, he had sensuous apprehensions rather than beliefs; having no beliefs he felt no conflicts; having no conflicts he had no instrument with which to quarry out the richer material which substantial and self-committed artists find and work on. (He was indifferent to the political meanings of Romanticism; he was indifferent to the social upheavals of his time. Not until he was ageing, at the time of the siege of Paris, did he suddenly wake up and see that he was in a political situation. Then, it must be said, the old æsthete woke up and wrote what was considered to be by far the best documentary account of the siege.)

Gautier's gift was for physical description. It was a detailed description of painter's touches that sought the precise word, the illuminating image, the adjacent idea or feeling; above all, the sense of change, movement and animation. The poet or artist was not dropped when Gautier got to the printer's; he moved into critical and descriptive journalism so that, whatever his criticism may lack in intellect, erudition, the power of analysis or academic formulation, it never lacks the evocative response of an artist to an artist. The least critical of critics, the least journalistic of journalists, he re-created. He was one of those through whom a play or a picture has a continuing life. The spell he imposed upon his great contemporaries is a testimony to the value they found in this pictorial talent. It was especially admired in his theatrical criticism; for here Gautier most consciously sought to fix the evanescent scene, to catch the vanishing stances and movements of the actors and hold them in the memory. His descriptions of dancing, especially of Spanish dancing, are remarkable. Dance becomes moving sculpture, sculpture melts into poetry, the poem into prose and yet the precision of the dance is not lost. Sainte-Beuve said Gautier removed the word 'indescribable' from the language, Xavier Aubryet that he invented modern description. He went further; he invented countries. He wrote about Egypt before getting there. He invented Spain after he had left it. The *Voyage en Espagne* has been under continuous attack by Spaniards ever since it was written, for Gautier was the inventor of that potent half-truth, romantic Spain; but the *Voyage* is his best book of travel. It is a rich composition, done in the warmth of youth.

The love affairs of Gautier, and especially with the two women who bore his children, belong to the standard private comedy of the Romantic movement. The imbroglio is very much the same, whether the part is played by a Gautier, a Hugo, a Dumas. Moralists sometimes forget that this game, in which the same poem or the same letter, with its assurances simultaneously given, 'does' for different women, is not one-sided. The letters and diaries of the women show that the women knew the game they were playing. Gautier certainly admired Casanova, but the overworked and excessively sociable poet, smoking his 15 cigars a day and dreaming that he was a Turk, was simply the familiar Romantic example of the three-woman lover; there was the domineering and maternal figure of Ernesta the opera singer, the understanding and regretful Eugénie, all voluptuous sympathy and longing; and, though both in turn might think they were in possession, the real possessor was the unpossessed Carlotta in Geneva, the ideal, the far-off princess. An excellent letter writer, Gautier maintained his spell; but behind the vivid dream of the moment was a torpid reality. Sensual, Rabelaisian, even coarse, Gautier was a lazy-hearted, sleepily affectionate, self-centred man of habit, short of money and resolution. A bemused and melancholy inertia was the point of rest and convalescence in the temperament of the coruscating and poetic comedian. Of Théo and Ernesta, with whom he lived for 20 years and continually quarrelled, we have this portrait:

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* *Théophile Gautier*. By JOANNA RICHARDSON. *Reinhardt*. 30s.

> On the whole the illustrious Théo seemed more anxious for paradoxes than truths. It is a bad spirit to travel in. He even asked me to write down the paradoxes I knew on the antiquities of Athens, which I was very careful not to do. For the rest he talks much about himself and poses enormously. A very good fellow all the same, though a little temperamental, he talked nonsense in French to a mass of people who only understood Greek. He was accompanied by the decorative Mme Grisi who has sung all the summer or rather all the winter in Constantinople. She has wrinkles the size of ruts and she's balding, but she's a good housewife if ever there was one, and I don't believe there's a harder worker in all the Rue de Charonne. The first day she made herself a hat and unpacked the trunks. The second, she saw the city and cut out a dress, the third she sewed the dress and began a shirt, the fourth she saw the Acropolis and packed.

It is malicious; but one can see that such a knockabout couple would generate anecdote and that perhaps Gautier's life would inevitably come to sound like a collection of opening paragraphs taken from his articles. One good anecdote has a special point today when patronage is once more spoken of. He was offered the sinecure of a librarianship to the Princesse Mathilde. 'Tell me honestly,' he anxiously asked one of the Goncourts. 'Does the Princess have a library?' 'A word of advice, my dear Gautier,' said Goncourt. 'Behave as if she had none.'

V. S. PRITCHETT

MORE LIGHT ON THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS

DR. MILLAR BURROWS' *The Dead Sea Scrolls* was described by the *Manchester Guardian* as " far and away the best general survey that has yet appeared." Since then there have been further discoveries and Dr. Burrows tells the story of each. Taken together the two books indisputably constitute the definitive work on the subject.
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MARY KELLY's Brett Nightingale intervenes again when Princess Karukhin is found dead in a dingy bed-sitting room. " Told with such gusto that most readers will be carried along, as I was, from the first page to the last. Miss Kelly knows how to tell a story."—*James Dillon White.*
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A Printed Page

Now that this pen no longer
Leaps in my writing hand
And tall behind my shoulder,
No more she seems to stand,
The woman out of the water
With loud words from the sea,
I must turn and face the silence
And let it inhabit me.

Perhaps I obeyed the woman,
Wisdom and grace enough
Infused with a formal order
Into her sea-drawn stuff,
But now, as turning to find her
I meet but my need and rage,
Unblest, it seems I have nourished
Only a printed page.

That only there the confusion
Was solved in a lucid day,
Whose sun did not touch my darkness
Having turned itself away
From those beastial swamps and thickets,
But I enter them now and see
The gross untravelled landscape
That must inhabit me.

THOMAS BLACKBURN

Thorough

Alfred Lord Milner. By JOHN EVELYN WRENCH. *Eyre & Spottiswoode. 42s.*

At the beginning of the Boer War, young Winston Churchill obtained an interview with Lord Milner, High Commissioner for South Africa, and described him as 'the man of no illusions'. Sir Evelyn Wrench has borrowed the phrase as the sub-title for this biography; but the hitherto unpublished extracts from the Milner papers, which form the bulk of this book, show that Churchill had observed only the obvious aspect of a strange and complex character. True enough Milner's public *persona* was that of the aloof, impartial administrator – a serene combination of classical scholarship, bureaucratic skill and Roman dignity. But in his voluminous correspondence with his friends, and above all in his secret diary, he reveals a wildly romantic soul, racked by political fanaticism and demonic emotions. Particularly in the closing chapters, this biography is marred by the irrelevant garrulity of its author. Nevertheless, I gobbled it down twice over with greedy fascination. Here, for example, we read for the first time the full details of Milner's love affairs with Margot Tennant and Elinor Glyn, and we learn how this respectable public servant, in 1913, offered to take over the organisation of armed rebellion against the Asquith Government, if Carson were arrested.

'Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! in meiner Brust.' Goethe, who first pointed to the German schizophrenia, would have understood Milner! His Teutonic background and macabre upbringing are certainly part of the explanation of a dangerously unbalanced personality. His mother, an English widow of good family, took her two sons to Germany, and within a few months married the tutor she had hired for them – a German in all but name and nineteen years her junior! Alfred was the only son of this ill-assorted love match. In order to make sure that he grew up an Englishman, Mrs Milner soon moved the family to Chelsea. But the only job of which the poor, ineffective husband seems to have been capable was giving English lessons to German students. After six unhappy years the family was back in Tübingen, where Mrs Milner soon died – but not before she had made arrangements for Alfred to be cared for by his cousins. One of these, Marianne Malcolm, though eleven years his senior, had fallen in love at first sight with the big-eyed small boy, in his terrible German clothes. Now, with her encouragement, Alfred entered the King's School, Canterbury, at the age of 16. Two years later he won the first Balliol scholarship, and by the time he was 19 he was already known as the most brilliant scholar of a brilliant decade. But, instead of fulfilling his appointment with destiny, he set up house with Marianne and lived with her for ten wretched, bitter years, until her chronic drunkenness drove him away to bachelor lodgings in St James's. At 30, seven years after taking his degree, Milner was still at a loose end – flirting with Radical politics, helping W. T. Stead to edit the *Pall Mall Gazette* and lecturing to the workers of Whitechapel on Socialism.

Away from Marianne, he settled down at last as personal assistant to the eminent Liberal politician, Mr Goschen. It was the time of Gladstone's Egyptian policy and Gordon's death at Khartoum. Appalled by what he felt to be a betrayal of the Empire, the young Liberal renounced Radicalism and, together with Goschen, formulated the Imperial *Weltanschauung* which was the ideological basis for the split between the Liberal Unionists and the Gladstonians. In the election of 1886, Milner fanatically threw himself into the task of organising the defeat of the forces of evil which he felt to be incarnate in Mr Gladstone. His reward came quickly. When Goschen was made Chancellor in the Salisbury Government, he took Milner with him to No. 11, where the young man soon revealed a remarkable financial ability. His next step up the ladder was a job controlling the Egyptian finances, under Lord Cromer. It was here that he fell in love with Margot Tennant, holidaying up the Nile. Reading her letters and his diary, I could not help reflecting on two 'might have beens'. If Margot had been worn out by Milner instead of wearing out Herbert Asquith, and if Beatrice Potter had matched Joe Chamberlain instead of outmatching Sidney Webb, what a difference it would have made to the history of the Liberal and the Labour Parties!

Frustrated in love, Milner concentrated his terrifying energies on public service. At the age of 38 he was brought back from Cairo to become Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, in which capacity he was largely responsible for framing the Death Duties clauses of Sir William Harcourt's Budget. It looked as though the demonic fires had been successfully banked down when Joe Chamberlain, in 1897, appointed him High Commissioner for South Africa, and fifteen fellow ex-Presidents of the Oxford Union wished the impeccable Proconsul 'God Speed' at a farewell dinner.

What set the demon loose was seeing defeat snatched from victory in the Boer War. Milner was adored by the British loyalists because he was quite certain there could be no reconciliation between the two white races. He was therefore determined, when the war had been won, to win the peace as well by swamping the Boers with British colonists and making the English language supreme. If the importation of unskilled Chinese labour was required to restore the economy and ensure British supremacy, then Chinese labour must be imported. Even before Milner returned to Britain to witness the Liberal landslide of 1906, he had realised that his Imperial policy was unacceptable to Parliament. Long before Fascism was thought of, he reached the conclusion that democracy is incompatible with Empire and popular freedom with national greatness. Disgusted by 'our wretched party system' and 'this rotten assembly in Westminster', he joined the Diehards in the Lords, and in 1913 he wrote to Carson:

> I don't think the Government are serious in their advances. If they are not, there must soon be what would be technically a 'rebellion' in Ulster. It would be a disaster of the first magnitude if that 'rebellion', which would really be the uprising of unshakable principle and devoted patriotism – of loyalty to the Empire and the Flag – were to fail! But it must fail unless we can *paralyse the arm* which might be raised to strike you. . . . If I can see my way to being of any real use in this matter, no personal consideration shall be allowed to count.

It was after this that, at a secret meeting, Milner offered his services in the event of Carson's arrest. He was saved from an act of outright treason by World War I. After helping to plot the downfall of the Asquith Government, he made his peace with Lloyd George and did superb service as one of the small War Cabinet of five. With democracy in abeyance and the nation fighting for its life, Milner became once again the impartial public servant.

It is common enough for the eminent soldier or civil servant to play politics and even to sabotage Government policy if the politicians have refused to take his advice. Milner's conduct was only abnormal in one respect. He never ceased to be a German, playing the role of the great Englishman with most un-English thoroughness.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Edmund Blunden's *War Poets* 1914-1918 (Longmans, 2s. 6d.) marks the 100th title in the 'Writers and their Work' series.

Writing About Music

More Essays from the World of Music. By ERNEST NEWMAN. *Calder.* 21*s.*

A Composers Eleven. By NEVILLE CARDUS. *Cape.* 18*s.*

There is an art in the assembling of occasional pieces into a book, and the first principle is simple: the book must be long. The shorter the articles, the more we shall want. A meal composed of hors d'œuvres can be an excellent thing, as the Danes have discovered; but there must be no short measure at the *smørgasbord.*

We all rejoiced that Mr Aprahamian had succeeded, where others had failed, in persuading Mr Newman to sanction the reprinting of a selection from his world-famous contributions to the *Sunday Times.* The book, when it came (*From the World of Music,* Calder, 15s.), was very welcome; but it was too short. However, its success has prompted publisher and compiler to give us a second and much larger helping from the same dish: 69 articles where the first volume had only 47. Some material, we are glad to learn, has been deliberately withheld because it represented 'sketches for or pendants to larger works in progress' on such composers as Mahler, Strauss, Wolf and Berlioz; from the rest an excellent choice has been made. We begin with a section on Conductors, as though to balance a section on Singers in the first volume; then comes a section on Composers, which does, after all, include three Strauss essays, besides a disparaging 1933 note on 'Verdi and *Don Carlo*' which reads strangely in 1958; lastly, a series of 'General Articles' including six 'Thoughts on the Present Discontents'.

Since Mr Newman has been delighting us for close on 2000 Sundays, it will be seen that the surface of this great deposit has hardly been scratched. When the next volume is called for, a year or so hence, I should like to offer a suggestion: this time, for a change, might we have, not a miscellany, but a chronicle? It is natural to suppose that the widely ranging and freely discursive general article will bear reprinting better than the detailed account of a particular occasion; but that is not always true. Consider Bernard Shaw's immortal volumes of music criticism: do we not now revel in their detail, their particularities, their minute accounts of a journey to Bayreuth, of how Mottl conducted and how the young Paderewski played, or how the elderly Patti tackled Wagner (yes indeed, once or twice she did)? Those who are interested in the development of musical taste, in the history of singing, in the social climate surrounding the arts, or in a score of other such subjects, feel as though a searchlight plays over those few years (1888-1894) which are covered by Shaw's volumes; thereafter, darkness re-descends and vagueness returns. Now in the spacious days between the wars Mr Newman was accustomed to follow up his long Sunday essay with 1000 words or so about the main events of the week; and it is a liberal and chronological selection from these that I should like to see reprinted. Readers of Mr Rosenthal's history of Covent Garden, for instance, would surely enjoy supplementing his necessarily abridged account with a full contemporary chronicle by Mr Newman of those famous seasons that began in the summer of 1924, and brought us such artists as Bruno Walter and Lotte Lehmann, Frida Leider and Richard Mayr, Elisabeth Schumann and Friedrich Schorr, all at the summit of their powers. And how gladly we

EDWARD HYAMS

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PETER GREEN (*Daily Telegraph*)

" . . . knows far too much about all sorts of people for their peace of mind . . . there is almost nothing and nobody we deplore in the London scene that cannot be satisfyingly identified, impaled on the barb of Mr Hyams' irony in this delicious book . . . I look forward to his future work with impatience." HONOR TRACY (*The Listener*)

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"To those half worlds of high and low life, where those who wish to contract out of the omnicompetent state go their devious ways, Mr Hyams seems to have excellent charts. He presents most of his characters brilliantly, his wicked humour combined with a wry sympathy . . . I enjoyed the book, satire and sentiment alike, and all those who like to hear an individual voice should read it." *National & English Review*

"It makes compulsive reading not merely for its admirable satirical art, but for its sequence of situations in which the explosive potentialities are exploited with clever dramatic effect; rich in its portraiture, the tale is not less rich in surprises . . . extremely funny but the implications are serious."
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". . . under a delightfully comic garb Edward Hyams shows a serious concern with the moral state of England today . . . one of the most amusing satires of recent years."
GEOFFREY BULLOUGH (*Birmingham Post*)

" . . . an unaffected and unafraid picture of his time as he sees it . . . The whole thing is told in a beautiful contemporary style of understatement, with splendidly vivid scenes . . ." *Eastern Daily Press*

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Taking It Easy

should now read what he had to say about Casals and Gerhardt, Hofmann and Rachmaninoff!

I hope that no one will murmur, 'Oh well, but Shaw was a genius. . . .' For, long before some of his present readers were born, Mr Newman was already *hors concours*. If not absolutely as witty as Shaw – in the sense that not even Dr Johnson is quite so authoritative as the Ten Commandments – he has been able, by sheer good writing and liveliness of mind, to hold the attention of even the casual reader, while arousing the respect of the expert by the range of his knowledge and the penetration of his judgment. Among regular practitioners of this queer trade of ours, he has had perhaps only one serious runner-up: another North-countryman, the ever-impressionable Neville Cardus, overflowing with love of music and love of words, and always delightfully eager to turn the one into the other. I have known a great German musician to qualify her admiration for Mr Newman with the remark (deeply German, and in its way sympathetic) that 'perhaps just a little he takes away the *heilige Schein* from music'. Well, that may be; but, just as Max used to say that, if an English public school knocked the nonsense out of boys, an English university promptly knocked it back again, so we may suggest that, if Mr Newman has indeed removed some visionary gleam from music's brow, Mr Cardus has put it back again, and with interest: on the heads of his favourite composers he places something like a halo. Sometimes the halo can be so luminous that it becomes rather difficult to discern the outline underneath; but in his *Ten Composers* (newly revised, with the addition of Bruckner, as *A Composers Eleven*: I am not responsible for the omitted apostrophe), we see Mr Cardus's evocative talent at its best. I did not think a recent collection, called *Talking of Music* (Collins, 16s.), quite did him justice: it was too short, and contained too many repetitions between one article and another. These longer essays are much superior. I admit that Mr Cardus is not always a very careful or exact writer; and, like all people with a ready gift for metaphor, he is apt to feel that a metaphor has proved his case when it has only illustrated it. In reading him, we may find ourselves putting question marks, even exclamation marks, in the margin: for instance, when he assures us that there is no nostalgia in Richard Strauss. And some readers may wonder, as I do, that our author, if allowed to take just one composer to a desert island, should choose Brahms.

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But these objections do not touch Mr Cardus's great merits. I am not surprised that *Ten Composers* should have appeared in four editions and in a Swedish translation, for it has the priceless virtue of arousing interest and communicating enthusiasm: as we read, we long to hear again the music he is discussing; and if we happen to know it so well that we need only pause to summon it to mind, we are often struck by the precise and beautiful justice of his commentary. When he says of the Prelude to the third act of *Tristan*: 'The rising string harmonies tell us that [Kurwenal's] eyes scan the horizon and find nothing. We hear vacancy.', those last three words are worth a page of close analysis. Or he may remark of Mahler, 'He bred thematic material like pond-life'; or again, 'Bruckner does not seek God; he has found Him. He is content to praise God; then, his devotions over, he enjoys the *Heimat* of his scherzo, which he does heartily, not like Mahler, looking back nostalgically to a lost innocence. . . .' Phrases so penetrating and so just as these are not to be dismissed as 'mere literature'; they belong to a fine old tradition, now undermined by shortage of space as well as by shifting intellectual fashion: the tradition that, whatever else it may be, criticism, even music criticism, is first and foremost a branch of humane letters.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A Religious Period Piece

Evelyn Underhill. By MARGARET CROPPER. *Longmans. 25s.*

Evelyn Underhill began her career in the first years of this century as a novelist and versifier; she gave up verse as 'too easy'. The specimens provided confirm her judgment.

> At twilight when I lean the gunwale o'er
> And watch the water turning from the bow,
> I sometimes think the best is here and now –
> The voyage all, and naught the hidden shore.

Not for long did she think so; progressing from the occult Order of the Golden Dawn (Charles Williams let this out) to the doors of Rome, she spent fourteen years, unattached but devout, studying mysticism – the 'private life' of Christianity – and writing the books on which her reputation was based. After 1921 she returned to the obedience of the Church of England, took to conducting retreats and directing souls, lectured at Oxford, collected a Scottish D.D., and ended as a student of liturgy, a pacifist of the second world war, still keeping on her desk 'Think Golden thoughts and serve God with a quiet mind'.

She was an industrious historic investigator, who wrote in a heavy, competent, undistinguished style. Her correspondence is too often cosy with that cosiness that only pure wool can bestow.

> I must write to you for the beloved All Saints; I really think after Easter the most darling feast of all the year, don't you? . . .

By all accounts, she was a woman of charm and presence; it was not for her books, Charles Williams said, that she would be remembered. Behind the style, whether heavy or coy, there seem to be at least two selves; the competent and efficient student, with practical tastes, who could edit a text or turn out a pamphlet for the Girls' Friendly Society; and the introvert, expert in the examination of her own and other people's inward states; something of a spiritual hypochrondriac in spite of the slangy colloquialisms and the whimsy; one who, so Von Hügel told her, gave too vivacious an attention to the state of her own soul. He recommended that she get to know some of the poor; so she took to 'visiting'. But it is doubtful if she would have appreciated Temple's remark that God is interested in a lot of things besides religion.

The large comfortable house in Campden Hill Square; the yachting holidays; the literary friendships with May Sinclair and Mrs Belloc Lowndes; the long, long discussions about the exact shade of one's religious belief with F. R. Benson, and Von Hügel; the inward torments and the outward cushioning—all add up to a religious Period Piece, in which a lady finally crashes the Theologians' Ring and addresses the clergy on their pastoral duties. Miss Cropper has compiled the Life from letters and notes, and has clearly marked its main stages; she is not concerned to shape, judge, or place her material. A short memoir of Evelyn Underhill's friend Lucy Menzies is included. Miss Menzies began the collection of material for the biography, and in particular recovered the correspondence with Von Hügel, which is its most interesting feature.

M. C. BRADBROOK

The Proper Method

The Blue and Brown Books. By LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN. *Blackwell. 25s.*

The Blue and Brown Books are two famous sets of lectures dictated to classes in Cambridge in the years 1933 to 1935. They got their names from the colour of the wrappers in which they were bound. In the Thirties Wittgenstein was still a man of mystery, the subject of uncertain rumours, in the minds of most philosophers outside Cambridge. Only those who had attended his classes knew his teaching at first hand, and we were told to distrust all reproductions of his opinions and methods as unauthorised and misleading. But even in Oxford it was known that these delightfully named lecture notes existed, and it was rumoured that some outside the circle had read them, and even that some had arranged for clandestine copies to be made. I did not read them until 1950, by which time clandestine copies were freely circulating and the mystery had been dispelled. It is an odd episode in the history of thought and one which may well baffle a later historian.

Much of the philosophy written and discussed in the years before the war would never have been written, or would have immediately been discarded as irrelevant, if the content of these lectures had been more widely known. Owing in part to accidents of temperament, the revolution in British philosophy was postponed for fifteen or twenty years. Wittgenstein believed in the necessity of personal teaching and discussion in philosophy, feared plagiarism and misunderstanding, and was in any case always dissatisfied with his own formulations. He was arguing and lecturing in a language that was not his own. Even now, when his later work has become a public possession, through the publication of the *Philosophical Investigations*, something of the old suggestion of an esoteric doctrine remains. There is still a division between those who were his pupils and those who were not of the circle, a division which his writings do not bridge. He always in print suggests more than he states, and he never succeeded in imposing a clear form on the subtlety and variety of his suggestions. There is a kind of inarticulateness, an intellectual stammer, that leads him always to postpone his conclusions. He turns away at the last moment, as if in fear of being committed to any final statement, which might be too clear to hostile and prying eyes. Even in print the argument always seems to presuppose a group of sympathetic friends who are engaged in the same inquiry; this is obviously true of these lectures, which were not intended for publication.

They are pure philosophy for philosophers, undiluted by any external interest: profound and original, loose in form, uneven in assurance. Most of the leading ideas of the *Philosophical Investigations* are already to be found here in rather cruder form: foremost among them, the idea of viewing language as a set of distinguishable language games. The intention is to destroy the prejudice that there must be one characteristic relation of words to things, and the prejudice that, if once we discover what this relation is, we will have discovered the essence of thought and meaning. There is no such essence. There is only a set of different operations with words, each of which has its typical forms, and each of which bears some resemblance to some other, very much as the members of a family resemble each other. The proper method in philosophy is to call to mind these differences and resemblances. The metaphysician's constructions, and the problems that they suggest, will lose their hold upon us as soon as attention is recalled to the facts. Most previous metaphysics start with some misrepresentation of the facts, from an over-simplification of them, usually because of an obsession with one typical operation with words to the neglect of all others. These suggestions, already developed in some detail in 1934, were the ground-plan of the linguistic method in philosophy, which took root in Oxford in 1945 and is now established in English-speaking universities.

Anyone who enjoys the material of philosophical argument will be delighted by these lectures. Anyone who cares only for the fruits of philosophy, the conclusions that can be learnt and applied, will probably be bored by them.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

Scissors and Paste

Gertrude Bell. From her Personal Papers, 1889-1914. By ELIZABETH BURGOYNE. *Benn.* *42s.*

The portrait that the world has so far had of Gertrude Bell is the self-portrait painted in two sets of letters to her family. Anyone who wants to see her in the round will therefore pick up this book in some excitement. For it is labelled 'the first biography'; its author had help from the Bell family that included the loan of letters, diaries and notebooks hitherto withheld, and, says Miss Vita Sackville-West in a foreword, she 'must in a sense be regarded as Gertrude's authorised biographer'. It is partly the fault of this blurb that one reads the first four-fifths of the book in mounting disappointment.

For it is not really a biography at all. True biographers see their subject from many sides, as opposed to autobiographers who see it through only one pair of eyes. This book, as Miss Burgoyne's sub-title frankly proclaims, is once again Gertrude on Gertrude. Miss Bell strides across the map and fills the notebooks, and Miss Burgoyne plods behind armed with scissors and paste, joining the extracts with 'ands' and 'buts' and bits of the timetable, but never leaving the very sod where the snow, or the sand, lie dinted.

What most biography-buyers will want for their two guineas is less about the handholds on the Meije, the view of Kanchenjunga from Darjeeling and the contents of the galleries of northern Italy, and more of how Miss Bell struck the many observant people she describes. She was born less than 90 years ago. In the north country, men and women still alive are there to be consulted about those brilliant girlhood lectures to tyros, or the hearts that missed a beat as she took the wall at a gallop and went straight on after hounds. Why flatly mention 'a brilliant first' without retailing the classic viva that reduced S. R. Gardiner to dumbfounded sulks because 'I am afraid I must differ from your estimate of Charles I'. Was it she or His Excellency who chose to stay up 'till near one' talking? Is there nothing to add to an indication on page 229 that her intimate platonic friendship with Sir Valentine Chirol ('My dearest Domnul') influenced her judgment of politics? How did she strike Henry James, T. E. Lawrence, Sir Louis Mallet? Some of their impressions may well be in the grave, but not all. Why not have pointed her first well-known impression of T. E. in 1911 ('he is going to make a traveller') with his contemporary account to his mother of the same scene:

> Miss Gertrude Bell called last Sunday and we showed her all our finds and she told us all hers; but she told Thompson his ideas of digging were pre-historic and so we had to squash her with a display of erudition. . . . This was a kind of hors d'oeuvre, and when it was over (she was getting more respectful) we settled down each to seven or eight subjects. . . . She was quite glad to have tea after an hour and a half and, on going, told Thompson that he had done wonders in his digging in the time. . . . So we did for her.

This criticism of Miss Burgoyne's work is uttered with the more emphasis because, in the second volume which is to follow, and which will cover the Baghdad years, it will be more than ever interesting to punctuate the personal papers with the comment of men and women whose memories of Iraq's early days are still fresh, but will no longer be so if they must store them till the advent of a true biographer. The book has other defects – no family tree to tell us who Aunt Maisie and Aunt Ada are, footnoting that is too seldom appended to the first making of some obscure reference, and no maps, except of a single desert journey.

Yet there is reason not to be 'really too captious'. Miss Burgoyne's dip into the family store of unpublished papers yields several discoveries. The most significant of these she proffers in the last 30 pages of the book – a personal diary written during the famous and dangerous journey to Hayyil in central Arabia in 1914 – a record kept for a married man with whom Miss Bell had had the harrowing misfortune to fall in love. This diary reveals a new and moving side to a being who has hitherto seemed almost too invulnerable in her wealth, brains, physique, good looks, judgment, presence and – perhaps the best armament of all against trouble – endless intellectual curiosity. Suddenly, another Gertrude emerges – doubting, self-questioning, humble. A more endearing and less wholly-armoured person awaits us if these human traits survive into Volume Two.

ELIZABETH MONROE

“PHILIP CALLOW
could well be the white hope
of English writing . . . he
may become not only a
great writer but a powerful
influence on contemporary
English novelists . . . the first
forty pages of his new novel
COMMON PEOPLE
are the most brilliantly successful account of English
working-class life I have ever
encountered in any medium.
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a power of interpretation,
which evades most English
writers completely.”
PENELOPE MORTIMER
Sunday Times
HEINEMANN

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THE MAN WITH THE
GOLDEN ARM
“NELSON
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shows every promise of
taking up Steinbeck's
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the Hemingway tradition. Brutal, sordid,
tragic — an honest,
splendidly-written
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112 Whitfield St., W.1

Cultural Front

Paul Robeson. By MARIE SETON. *Dobson.* 21*s.*

Here I Stand. By PAUL ROBESON. *Dobson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Naked God. By HOWARD FAST. *Bodley Head.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Until last year Paul Robeson and Howard Fast ranked with the Dean of Canterbury as the foremost 'peace-fighters' of the English-speaking world. Both of them were victims of McCarthyism, both were professionally penalised for their opinions, both stood up to be counted in every front operation of the American Communist Party for nearly 20 years. On the picket-line and at Peekskill, at Madison Square Garden, and on the platforms of the Wallace movement, Robeson and Fast fought the battle on the cultural front.

Then, last year, Fast could no longer stomach the Communist Party and he left it. Robeson, who has stated that he was never a party member, stuck it out. He is now the only prominent fellow-traveller left to the American Communists – the rest have been driven away by the intimidations of the witch-hunt or by the follies of the Communists, or by a mixture of both. These books, therefore, make a fascinating contrast, for Fast is describing the inner working of a machine which the reader of the two Robeson books would never know existed. Fast can now see how the party apparatus manipulates and eventually destroys personality, how it perverts idealism to serve a boss-ridden bureaucracy, how it has reduced Marxism to a cynical and near-magical dogma. Robeson, however, has always seemed unaware of any defects, either in the American party or in the Communist regimes. After the Twentieth Congress, Fast could turn to an editorial meeting of the *Daily Worker* and ask: 'If our own party leaders had had the power of execution, would any comrade here be alive today?' But Robeson remains convinced that the Communists are sincere Socialists, and that their triumph would mean the liberation of the Negro from second-class citizenship. It was that belief that first led him to sympathise with Soviet Communism, and that has sustained him – at great personal sacrifice – through all the shifts of Communist policy.

On his first visit to Moscow Robeson said: 'I feel like a human being for the first time since I grew up. . . . I walk in full human dignity. You cannot imagine what that means to me as a Negro.' In both his own testament and in Miss Seton's competent biography, this theme recurs. He said as recently as October last year: 'Nobody can say that I betrayed the Negro. Everything I did I did for the Negro, for the cause of his dignity and self-respect.' For him, the issue has been that simple, and it is this perhaps that gives the impression that this man of great talent and personal integrity, who committed himself as few western artists have ever done, has been simple-minded in his politics. For, despite the crimes and blunders perpetrated by the Communists, Robeson has continued without any public misgivings to identify himself with them because he has seen them as the only uncompromising workers for peace, for Socialism and Negro equality. How he can hold that position is clear from his own book and from Miss Seton's more elaborate volume: he speaks of the world with the sweeping simplicity of the Popular Front slogans which provided his first and only political vocabulary.

What is a virtue in Robeson's own book (for the language and the thought-process are revealing) reduces Miss Seton's biography to a documented eulogy. She never attempts to ask the vital question: How could a man of this calibre close his eyes to so much? In fact, she glosses over every awkward point – Robeson's support for the anti-war campaign before June 1941, or the cynical and destructive use that the Communists made of the Wallace movement. If the Communists had not been able to work through men like Wallace and Robeson, they could not have played so many genuine progressives for suckers. And Robeson must accept part of the responsibility for that.

Robeson would no doubt dismiss Howard Fast's apologia as an unbalanced slander, an act of betrayal. Yet Fast is trying to answer the question that Robeson ignores. Why, he asks himself, did I have to wait until after Krushchev's secret speech before I accepted the truth of allegations that had been common currency among non-Stalinists for two decades? Why, caught between the narrow-minded and unscrupulous party bosses and the pressures of anti-Communism, did I go on? His answer is one that can only be really convincing to other ex-Communists: 'The more troubled, the more hurt, the more sickened I became, the more I committed myself'. But, as he describes his relations with the party (almost as soon as he joined he was in trouble because he had put the word 'nigger' on the lips of characters in *Citizen Tom Paine*), as he analyses the peculiar logic which protects the party member from reality, it becomes possible to see why only the rudest of shocks can liberate the fully committed member. The purges, the Pact, the Twentieth Congress and Hungary—these are the blasts that shake men loose and make them put the pieces of their lives together again in a different pattern. Only after it has happened can a man like Fast realise the bitter truth of the charge – made to him by the Moscow correspondent of the *Daily Worker* —that 'if only you and Paul Robeson had raised your voices in 1949, Itzik Feffer would be alive today'. For, as Fast can now see, the fate of Feffer and countless other writers, intellectuals and ordinary men and women, lies upon his conscience and on all who were silent, or served Stalin more actively, in the face of the known facts.

Though passages in Fast's book lapse into mere polemical rhetoric—Krushchev is 'this chest-beating, strutting, Jew-nating and Jew-baiting leader of the Communist Party of Russia'—which are useful only as an index of his state of mind, much of it is a serious essay in self-exploration which is very different from the run-of-the-mill revelations of the ex-Communist. For he has grasped the essential point – that it is the party-member who is most betrayed by the party – and he shows precisely how the party machine brings even the most intelligent of its servants to this pass. It is possibly because Robeson has never been caught up inside the machine that he does not understand why this happens, and how it happened to the American intellectuals who, in the Thirties and Forties, took the Communist Party at face value.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Pleasant Molehills

Selected Poems of Charles Cotton. Edited by JOHN BUXTON. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

The seventeenth-century equivalent of the NEW STATESMAN must have set a competition offering prizes for the best set of quatrains beginning with the line 'Come live with me and be my love'. Many of the minor poets of the time had a shot at it, including Charles Cotton. There were few poetic forms in vogue which Cotton did not try his hand at: the eclogue or pastoral, the Cavalier love-lyric, the political lampoon, the elegy on some titled personage, the Pindaric ode, the familiar verse epistle, the epitaph, the drinking song. In all he acquitted himself with talent but not with distinction. He had not the epigrammatic neatness of Lovelace, the ironic wit of Marvell, the intellectual scope of Cowley. He wrote good lines and couplets, but usually went on too long: he had no sense of poetic architecture. One plods through his regulation love poems in a vain search for the fruits of passion. His only Muse, in fact, was the River Dove ('the delightful river dances through Cotton's poems', as his present editor puts it), about which he writes with natural feeling and eloquence. He was indeed one of the first of that long line of English writers and artists with whom topography amounted to a passion.

Cotton was one of a group of Derbyshire gentry whose fortunes, like those of the establishment elsewhere, were radically altered by the failure of the Royalist cause. Even before then (he was born in 1630) he had suffered from discord between his father and mother; when he grew up, his father's accumulated debts, the enforced sale of his paternal mansion, the early deaths of his first wife and of several children – these troubles ought to have made him a better poet. But his constitutional cheerfulness and even temper, his contentment with simple country joys, and his cultivation of men like Walton kept him securely among the ranks of the minor poets; epithets like 'pleasant' and 'delightful', which are always applied to his poems, are only too well deserved. The excellent descriptive couplets used by Benjamin Britten in his tenor *Serenade* are as good as anything he wrote:

> The Shadows now so long do grow,
> That Brambles like tall Cedars show,
> Mole-hills seem Mountains, and the Ant
> Appears a monstrous Elephant.

The burlesque litany against the Cromwellian régime deserves to be better known.

Mr Buxton has made a comprehensive

PAST and FUTURE
The history magazine with a forward look. Out this week 2/-

selection for the Muses' Library and produced an authentic and readable text. The introductory matter contains everything about Cotton's life and writings which the reader will want to know. I don't know with what authority Mr Buxton calls *The Compleat Angler* (for his share in which Cotton is best known) 'the most popular book in the English language'. I had always thought that, on statistical grounds, this honour belonged (after the King James Bible) to *Pilgrim's Progress*.

JAMES REEVES

Shorter Reviews

A New Life in Old Age. By HEINZ WOLTERECK. *Reinhardt*. 18*s*.

Much of this thesis on the cause and effect of old age and the problems created by higher expectation of life is unexceptional to the point of banality. More and more people, particularly in Europe and the USA, are living longer, which fact demands that society pay more attention to caring for the old, for making them feel wanted, for enabling them to find pleasure in life. Evidence is adduced to demonstrate that artists have created masterpieces when old. We are told that Man, being importantly different from animals, may develop intellectually and spiritually when the body begins to flag. Statistics show that novelists, publicists, doctors, judges and biologists, among others, do their best work in middle-age. Dr Woltereck presents the familiar cogently. Everyone would agree that old age should not lend a fresh horror to death. Everyone, too, would agree with his criticism of a current German attitude towards the old which, he alleges, is largely one of contempt. They are held in contempt because they haven't much money, aren't 'worth' much.

Equally banal, but less unexceptional, are some of his gerontological observations: 'It is easier for the individual to accept the symptoms of ageing, which are often of a depressing kind, subjectively, and to understand them objectively, if we at last agree to drop the theory that these are due to some regrettable oversight on the part of Nature and to regard them as what they truly are, an integral part of the life process. According to this new point of view, ageing no longer carries the stigma it once did, because it is now clear that to age and to live are one and the same thing.' Nature's wisdom is all around us. 'If Nature had required them, it would no doubt have been possible to create organs and tissues that did not "wear out" and thereby to have eliminated the necessity of ageing.' It should be possible to establish that we need to recognise that old people must be regarded with more sympathy and understanding and care without these appeals to Nature, without the thought irreverently crossing the mind that if Nature had intended us to smoke she would no doubt have built chimneys in our heads. It will take a more sophisticated populariser than Dr Woltereck to persuade 'mechanists' that ageing is not a symptom of exhaustion.

W. J. M.

The Wisest Fool in Christendom. By WILLIAM MCELWEE. *Faber*. 25*s*.

It is not quite fair of the publisher's blurb on Mr McElwee's new book to suggest that, by presenting the results of the latest researches in a readable form, it fills an 'important gap'. Two years ago, Professor Harris Willson produced a biography of James VI and I distinguished alike for its learning and its readability. But even if the gap he has had to fill is not unduly large, Mr McElwee has done a useful piece of work. There is, perhaps, a certain smoothness both in his style and his conclusions which suggests an almost excessive desire to make things easy for his readers; is everything in James's reign quite so straightforward as he sometimes seems to imply? But to all those who like their history to supply answers rather than provoke questions, and indeed to anyone who enjoys a well-told story, Mr McElwee's book will bring considerable pleasure. He devotes a rather larger proportion of space to Scotland than Professor Harris Willson, but the chief interest of his book lies in the perceptive analysis of the character of James. The King's psychological oddities and homosexual inclinations are sympathetically examined, and are used for the creation of a subtle portrait of James as a man whose exalted sense of kingship sprang from a deep-rooted sense of personal inadequacy. This is not a new interpretation, but Mr McElwee pieces the evidence cleverly together, and, in so doing, offers as convincing and sympathetic a portrait as any we have yet been given of a man at once tragic and absurd, fascinating and repellent.

J. E.

Scotland before History. STUART PIGGOTT and KEITH HENDERSON. *Nelson*. 15*s*.

Roman and Native in North Britain. Edited by I. A. RICHMOND. *Nelson*. 18*s*.

To the Greeks and Romans everybody was a barbarian who was outside the pale of their Empires, and we have adopted the term at the expense of our own forefathers. We are not, oddly enough, on the side of Calgacus, the first named inhabitant of Scotland, though he was no less a British hero than King Arthur, and Tacitus put a splendidly defiant speech into his mouth. We are still Wall-minded, facing northwards. These two short books do all that can be done to turn the map upside-down. They look at the Romans from the barbarian end. Both are written for the general reader, the first slightly more so than the second, for it includes Mr Henderson's delightful illustrations and spurns footnotes, and *Roman and Native* is written by several archaeological hands The word 'history' in *Scotland before History* should be roughly taken as meaning the Roman invasions, so the two books can be read consecutively. A heavy Scotch mist inevitably hangs over both. We know next to nothing about these Highland Beowulfs. But the hints, guesses and sudden shafts of light make excellent detective work, and archaeologists have a greater gift for communicating their excitement than any other scientists.

N. N.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,487 **Set by L. Clarendon**

A lyric submitted some years ago to a well-known composer began –

The cows are feeding in the zephyrs;
Some are cows and some are heifers. . . .

Competitors are invited to complete this lyric by an additional 10 lines of appropriate verse. Entries by 2 September.

Result of No. 1,483 **Set by Minster Lovell**

Competitors are invited to submit an extract from newspaper reports or comments on the State Visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon in the manner of *The Times*, NEW STATESMAN (Critic), *Daily Telegraph* (Peterborough), *Daily Express*, or *Woman*. Limit 150 words.

Report

Naturally most entries followed the easier style of the popular press; but there were many good shots at *The Times* and a number of *NS* readers showed a more than nodding acquaintance with Critic. Only Peterborough of the *Daily Telegraph* seemed to be something of a stumbling block. Rhoda Pook Tuck's *Daily Express* began delightfully: 'Sultry, 38-24-38 Balkis of Sheba left Jerusalem last night', and some ingenious recipes tying in with the news-story had a real touch of *Woman*. Sheila M. Brooks, for example: 'The Queen has a simple taste in food (her recipe for spiced camel-milk custard appears on page 16)'.

I suggest a bag of shekels to the value of two guineas for Pamela Sinclair; a guinea each to the Rev. R. V. Holmes, E. C. Jenkins and Tonk; and consolatory half guineas to Brian Hammond and Bryce McNab. (And a minor Egyptian plague on all those who left the judge to infer from their style which journal they were parodying!) Commended are Bevis, Lyndon Irving and Margaret Dunnett (Critic), John Thornton and John Digby (Peterborough), Barbara Roe (*The Times*), David Wainwright (*Express*), Joan M. Sillis (*Woman*).

WOMAN

Yes, it *did* happen – a real-life Royal Visit with all the glamour and magic of a fairy tale. On an afternoon that glittered with sunshine ('Queen Weather', someone knowingly remarked), Her Majesty The Queen of Sheba arrived here to call on King Solomon . . . and set the crowds buzzing with the magnificence of her retinue. First came fifty camels laden with the most marvellous gifts – gold, jewels and spices valued at thousands of pounds. (Ever thought of keeping a camel as a pet? Make friends with your greengrocer first – camels are hungry creatures!) Then a long, long line of gay people from the entertainment world: clowns, jugglers, acrobats and musicians, all dressed by one of the world's top designers to tone with the occasion. And last of all, riding with matchless poise on an elephant, came The Queen herself ('isn't she *lovely*?' gasped our office junior), a regal vision in deep wine-scarlet and silver with headdress in citron-yellow to match her dusky complexion. Needless to say, we needed our hankies then!

A little bird told us The Queen had a lot of questions to ask The King once she reached the Inner Sanctum. Knowing The King's reputation as a man of the world and businessman, we're sure he must have given some fascinating answers!

(By the way, how would *you* entertain The Queen of Sheba if she paid you a visit? Replies on a post-

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

One of to-day's problems is that of making the best use of leisure hours. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree, not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation. **London University Degrees** are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three examinations (in some cases, two). You may study for them at home and in your own time, wherever you are. **Wolsey Hall Postal Courses** for these examinations are conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors. The Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, correction of your work and solution of all difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that in the event of failure, tuition will be continued free. Fees are reasonable and may be spread over the period of the Course. More than 14,000 Successes at London University examinations **alone** from 1947. **Write for PROSPECTUS** to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH24.

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

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Are you one of those people who have always wanted to write . . who perhaps have tried but feel they need someone to "show them the ropes"? If you are, then send a story, article or anything you've written to The London School of Journalism for expert advice and criticism. The free book "Writing for the Press" makes no extravagant promises but describes moderately the methods of the School and shows how you can enter a field that is open to all. The fees are low—advice is free from

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PAMELA SINCLAIR

THE TIMES

Nothing but good can come of the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon. The tension between Israel and the Arabian states has long constituted a menace to the peace of the Middle East and only the intransigence and near-sightedness of previous rulers have prevented the solution of the hard question which formed a barrier to amity between Israel and her neighbours. Now wisdom, in the person of the King himself, has prevailed. Some, indeed, have looked with suspicion on the gifts exchanged between the visiting Queen and her royal host. But *timeo Danaos et dona ferentis* is an unworthy attitude to take, and nothing should be said at this critical time to denigrate the sincerity of the two rulers. There seems to have been complete understanding on both sides, and we see here a happy augury for future relations and one which may have far-reaching results.

R. V. HOLMES

NEW STATESMAN

Surely the most telling comment on the State Visit is to be found in the King's own words: 'Vanity of Vanities'? The present enthusiasm for Sheba can be attributed, I think, to the glamour both of its ruler and her gifts. Some other aspects of her regime (described by Paulus elsewhere in this issue) are conveniently forgotten. I am told that there are at least 30 political prisoners held without trial inside the Royal Palace, and under indescribably frightful conditions. I notice also that the court, supported by the sanctimonious plaudits of the Pharisee press, claim that the provision of public works for the visit has materially checked unemployment. What a typically inept and insincere attempt to cloak their inability to deal with the inexorable tide of inflation! Will the Israeli public contrive to accept such a half-hearted excuse for a policy? I don't think so.

TONK

Everyone interested in higher education should read the special Commonwealth Universities issue of

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DAILY EXPRESS

The State Visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon is not without significance for the west. Has the half been told? Let us tell the other half. Is it a pure and simple courtesy call? The Oriental may or may not be pure, but he is seldom simple. Is Romance indicated? His Majesty is credited with an accumulation of wisdom of which the magnitude of his harem is not perhaps the proper measure. Let us face it. Who is going to swallow whom? A glance at the map should suffice to emphasise the strategic importance of such an assimilation. When the gold dust of the occasion has settled we shall see the naked pattern of power politics. Our own course is clear: to encourage our kith and develop our trade with our kin. And to look to our chariot strength.

E. C. JENKINS

Israel, July: by slave.

The bald date-line above this first dispatch out of the area gives no inkling of the massive organisation that went into putting me down on the spot to write it. As soon as the first rumour of this proposed meeting broke last August, the Express News Service swung into action. While a colleague stayed behind to cover the month-by-month reports from local seers, I went by fast horse to the coast on the first leg of the journey. A spine-cracking sea-voyage landed me in a Continental dungeon for an irritating eleven weeks while passage formalities and fees were settled, and to make up time I travelled night and day by horse, camel, man-back, litter and caravan to get here only sixteen days before the historic event took place.

Right: Our Expresscribe on the spot (by Express artist). Behind him, arrowed, is Her Majesty in unusual dress, preparing to go down the Mines.

BRIAN HAMMOND

The Queen of Sheba has visited King Solomon with a train of camels, bearing spices, gold and precious stones. In return she got all she asked for.

What is Britain doing? How much woad has been exported to Israel?

There is nothing to beat British woad. Yet other nations get ahead of us because we are too modest to boost our own wares.

Be proud of British woad and of the men who grow it and wear it. Remember that Solomon, in all his glory, has never been painted blue. He would welcome woad more than Sheba's precious stones.

Why? Because woad means the British way of life. Savages need it and we need the trade.

Let our coracles be loaded with woad. Let us sell British and buy British. That is the way to prosperity.

BRYCE McNAB

City Lights

Grandma Goes Obvious

It used to be the tradition that Grandma changed the Bank Rate only when nobody was expecting it. Whatever the economic value of a practice which demands either deliberate perversity in the central bank or incorrigible stupidity in everyone else, it seems to have been abandoned: Grandma, ever since the annoyance of the Alleged Leak, has chosen to change Bank Rate when everyone was most expecting a change—a habit which seems more sensible, even if it makes for less excitement in the markets. It is difficult, in any case, to ensure that the best-expected change will have no effect on markets at all. Stock markets took the news of last week's cut very quietly at first but are now looking decidedly bouncy.

It is industrial equities rather than gilt-edged stocks which are bouncy, and there seems to be a growing sentimental connection between London and Wall Street. The connection is not one to be proud of. On the day that Bank Rate was reduced in London the Federal Reserve bank of San Francisco announced a rise in its discount rate; on the day that the rate offered here on tax reserve certificates was cut the US Treasury bill rate took a further sharp jump upwards. It seems clear that the Fed is preparing to give another dash to the inflationary view of life which it detests. The recent increase in stock margin requirements was a first warning tap, the rise in the San Francisco discount rate (which may soon be followed by other Federal Reserve banks) is a second. It will be more than interesting to see whether the Fed succeeds in knocking the inflation out of Wall Street without causing a sharp break in prices and a check to the vigorous but still tender growth of business confidence.

* * *

Commercial television shares are booming. Following the frolic in Associated TeleVision there has been a flurry in Granada, a company which not only owns cinemas but is the midweek programme company for the north. It began with news of a bid for 300,000 shares in Granada; the bid, believed to be on behalf of a merchant bank, was indignantly turned down by Mr Sidney Bernstein, the chairman of Granada, who with his family, friends and fellow-directors, controls over 80 per cent. of its share capital. This did not hinder the beginning of dealings in the shares under a special regulation which allows the market to handle securities which have no official quotation; a few determined buyers, presumed to include the original bidder, competed vigorously for the shares available and their price more than doubled in three days. The Stock Exchange Council, however, decided on Wednesday that this rule – which really exists to allow a price to be established on special occasions, such as death duties – was being abused. Other TV shares, not only Associated TeleVision but such satellites as Rediffusion and Moss Empires, shot up with them.

This scramble is the result of a sudden realisation that TV profits are likely to go on booming and that every thrusting finance house should be decently supplied with the shares. In the case of Granada, it is true, it has been suggested that the £2m estimate of profits current in the City is three times larger than life, but a taxed profit of £2m may be compatible with a profit available to shareholders of only £600,000 and there is no reason to suppose that Granada's advertising experience has differed significantly from that of its competitors. It has been plausibly rumoured, in fact, that when Granada – like other programme companies – was incurring losses it was forced to raise fresh capital on terms that mortgaged a large proportion of any future profits until the loan had been repaid. If this is so, profits available for dividend are likely to jump suddenly.

Mr Bernstein has more reason to be annoyed with the timing of all this publicity than with the publicity itself. The Granada parent company is at the moment proposing to make a 1-for-1 rights issue of 5s Ordinary shares at par, a fact which makes the present market price of the shares less extravagant than it may appear. At the same time, however, it is issuing 200,000 shares to executives and executive directors on deferred payments terms and is earmarking a further 200,000 for them until such time as the CIC gives its consent to issuing them. What is more, the TV subsidiary is simultaneously to issue 100,000 1s Deferred shares at par to executive directors and officers which will be entitled to one-tenth of the profits left over when a net £300,000 has been paid over to the parent company. The lolly is coming in; these proposals will make quite sure that very little of it gets away.

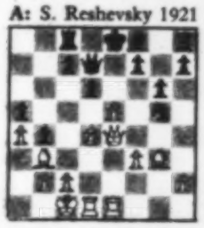
TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 458. How to Teach the Kids

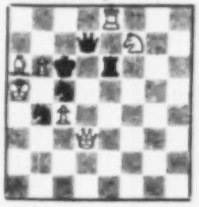
Capablanca liked to tell us how, at the age of five or six, he used to watch his father and his uncles playing chess, thereby picking up the way the pieces went, without anyone ever telling him anything about the rules of the game; and how, one day, he took his own seat at the chess table (no doubt requiring several cushions for the purpose) and, forthwith, beat the stuffing out of all those elderly gents. With due respect I have always suspected a certain degree of poetic licence in that pretty story, but I am fairly sure that neither Capablanca, nor Sammy Reshevsky nor young Bobby Fischer nor anyone who achieved remarkable proficiency in very young years – I am quite sure that not one of them required 100 book-pages and scores of diagrams to teach him how to move the pieces or how to give a check and to get out of one. As for average children, though, they can well do with it, and indeed it is just what we are offered in *Chess for Children* by R. Bott and S. Morrison (*Collins*, 12s. 6d.). The authors have had some considerable practical experience in teaching school-children the game, but one needn't be a learned child-psychologist, one just has to be an ordinary daddy or uncle to agree with the wisdom of catering to a child's insatiably pedantic urge for repeating and proving the obvious. That is well done in the book, imaginatively and with attractive illustrations such as the scales explaining the relative value and weight of pawns and pieces. I shall have to do some carping presently, but first I want to praise the very appearance of the book. It fills a long-felt want, it is badly needed, and for that very reason its subsequent editions could do with some improvement. To explain the e.p. rule as 'introduced by someone simply to make the game more awkward', just isn't good enough. Surely, the full page wasted on so 'awkward' a statement could be used for explaining the wisdom and justice of the e.p. rule as lucidly and neatly as some of the other rules. As for mating patterns, there are a few, but not nearly enough of them to give the child the feel and thrill of combinative possibilities. Another deficiency is the lack of games. There are barely half a dozen, and while I agree with picking them from Boys' Championships there should be some of more didactic value. As for the one starting (1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, B-B4; (4) P-Q3, Kt-B3; (5) Kt-Kt5, P-Q4; (6) P x P, Kt x P; (7) 0-0, B-K2; (8) Kt-KB3, etc., why not use this opportunity for explaining the combinative possibilities of (8) Kt x BP, followed by Q-B3? Withal, even as it stands, the book will serve its purpose of encouraging and initiating small children in the game, and a very noble purpose, too.

A: S. Reshevsky 1921

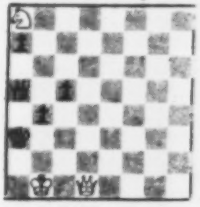


As the 4-pointer for beginners I might fittingly pick a game-position achieved by a boy of 9. How then did White force the win in a few moves? **B** (for 6 ladder-points) is a 3-mover composed when its author was not yet a celebrity but a mere boy of 14; but **C** is a work of two great masters at the peak of their maturity. White to win. 7 points. Usual prizes. Entries by 1 September.

B: Sam Loyd 1855



C: Kubbel & Troitzky 1936



REPORT on No. 455. Set 2 August

A: (1) R-Q7 ch, K-B1; (2) Kt-Q5, B-Q1; (3) P-K7, R x BP; (4) P x B (Q) ch, R x Q; (5) R x P ch, R x R; (6) Kt-Kt6 mate

B: I: key P-B6; II: (1) B-B6, (2) K-B8; III: (1) K-B7, (2) Kt-Kt8, (3) B x P etc

C: (1) Kt(6)-R4; (2) Kt-Kt2; (3) Kt-Kt3 ch; (4) Q-Q3; (5) Q-K2; (6) Kt-Q3 ch; (7) Q-K1 ch; (8) Q-QB1 ch

D: (1) R-R2 ch, K-Kt1; (2) Kt-K6, K-B1; (3) Kt-K5, K-Kt1; (4) K-Kt2, K-B1; (5) R-R1, K-Kt1; (6) R-QB1, K-R1(2); (7) Q-R2 ch, K-Kt1; (8) Q-R1, K-Kt3; (9) R-B3, P-Kt5; (10) R-B4, P-Kt4; (11) R-B5, P-Kt3; (12) R-B6, K-Kt2; (13) Kt-Q4, K-Kt1; (14) Kt-Q7 ch, K-Kt2; (15) Q-R8 ch, K x Q; (16) R-B7 mate

E: (1) P-Q7 ch, K x Kt (K-B2?); (2) B-B4 ch, P-K4!; (3) B x P ch, K-R2; (4) B-Q4 ch! (K-Kt5?), K-R3; (5) P=Kt!! (P=Q??), Kt x Kt; (6) P-B7, Kt-Kt2; (7) P=R!! (P=Q??) and wins

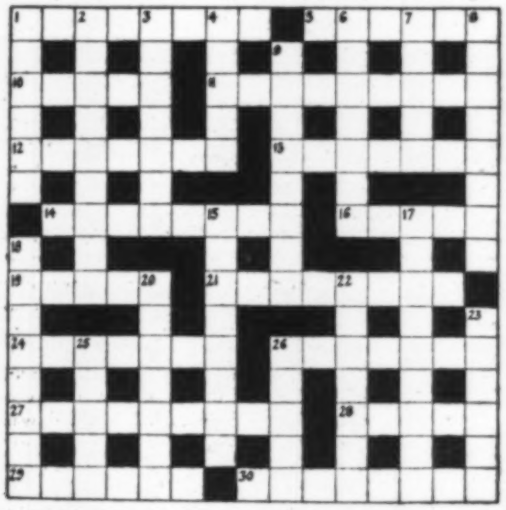
F: (1) R-Q2 ch!, K-B8; (2) R-Q1 ch, K x R; (3) B-R4 ch, P-Kt6!; (4) B x P ch, K-K1; (5) B-Kt4 ch, Kt-B6; (6) B x Kt ch, K-B8; (7) B-B4!!, B x B; (8) Q-B5!, B-Q6; (9) Q-QKt5!!, B x Q; (10) KtP=Kt!!, B-Q6; (11) RP=B!!, B-K7; (12) P=R!! and wins

E and **F** far from easy, but quite a few full scores. Alternatives for **C** and **D** accepted. Prizes: E. Allan, C. Allen, R. C. Chaturvedi, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 317

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 317, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 2 Sept.



ACROSS

1. The mildest swear about the end being broken (8).
5. City viewed after hostilities (6).
10. Stares like a copy-cat in school (5).
11. The relative in the cast is showing off (9).
12. Vegetables which break ranks? (7).
13. More impetuous athlete (7).
14. Holy welcome to the happy couple? (8).
16. One number observed without another (5).
19. Help an old saint (5).
21. Lost nine possibly through suffering from hubris (8).
24. Drink finally makes a woman gamble (7).
26. Courage is needed, for without the undergarment the nurse would have nothing on (7).
27. An upper-class cleaner in the finest city (9).
28. Endless nonsense provides a way (5).
29. Engage in silent reconstruction (6).
30. Plans afresh for ruined eastern farmers (8).

DOWN

1. Crime for a fat girl (6).
2. A way of writing and making man spread in all directions (9).
3. 'Suddenly grow gray with fear, And tremble and —— themselves' (Shelley) (7).
4. Seats which aren't quite so firm (5).
6. Books which make a girl a liberal in a foreign country (7).
7. Worker in a trade whose enthusiasm I thoroughly admire (5).
8. Staking one's earnings on fighting (8).
9. Island where there is sinful love in drinking places (8).
15. Piper or another artist (8).
17. Hooliganism makes the front peculiarly dismal (9).
18. Tolerable drink up in the fair (8).
20. The point I put before the answer for Africans (7).
22. Famous swimmer who has his name in a newspaper article (7).
23. Shrouds part of the field (6).
25. Be more than ninety in the shade rising (5).
26. Dip for an articled graduate? (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 315

D	A	T	E	■	S	H	O	W	J	U	M	P	E	R
I	■	A	■	A	■	U	■	O	■	N	■	U	■	A
A	M	I	S	S	■	F	O	O	T	F	A	L	L	S
G	■	L	■	T	■	F	■	D	■	A	■	S	■	H
N	E	C	T	A	R	■	C	L	A	I	M	E	D	■
O	■	O	■	R	■	A	■	A	■	R	■	■	■	P
S	P	A	T	T	E	R	I	N	G	■	A	B	B	A
I	■	T	■	E	■	M	■	D	■	B	■	R	■	S
N	E	S	T	■	D	A	R	E	D	E	V	I	L	S
G	■	■	■	B	■	G	■	R	■	A	■	T	■	A
■	S	H	E	A	R	E	R	■	I	R	K	I	N	G
S	■	E	■	R	■	D	■	M	■	I	■	S	■	E
C	O	R	B	R	I	D	G	E	■	N	O	H	O	W
O	■	O	■	I	■	O	■	W	■	G	■	E	■	A
T	E	N	D	E	R	N	E	S	S	■	P	R	E	Y

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 315

J. Ellis (Thornton Heath), Mrs E. G. Harvey (London, NW7), W. F. Robertson (Windermere)

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

SO old So-&-So got the job and you didn't, although you are as good a man as he is! Why? You will find the answer in Sharper Knowlson's famous book 'Selling Your Ability'. If you are quick you can have one of the last 100 copies of the present edition for 10s. Heronsbury Limited, 3 Station Road, Watford, Herts.

'BRITISH Road to Stalinism' – first honest, detailed report on British Communist Party. Published by Industrial Research and Information Services. At all bookshops 2s. 6d.

MIDDLE East Crisis, special number of Labour Monthly includes: 'Cyprus Tory Colonialism Exposed', by Clive Evatt, QC; 'Gunboats Off the Lebanon', by A. Masri: 'Hands Off the Middle East', by R. Palme Dutt. 1s. 8d. post free. 9s. half-yearly, from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop. W6. RIV. 6807.

'THE Week', the brilliant survey in The Observer every Sunday, that gives you a clear perspective on a whole week's news in 15 minutes easy reading. Let The Observer put the world in your hands on Sunday.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

'DEATH on the Left' by John Connell. A good-tempered 'Guilty Men' in reverse. Out 29 Aug. Cloth 9s. Paper 3s. 6d. Pall Mall Press.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd. NW8. MAI. 3030.

WHERE TO STAY

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires, Friendly & Informal, 6/7 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

OLD Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imaginative & plentiful food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. hg. Fr. 8½ gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, MP.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns, Putting green, Garages. Superlative food, 23 Aug. 10½ gns. 30, 10 gns.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

COTSWOLDS. Guests welcomed in quiet country house. Table tennis, dancing. 7-7½ gns. Christmas 35s. daily. Reduction students willing to help. Steanbridge, nr Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2042, 6-9 p.m.

A FEW Sept. vacancies. Enjoy your Sept. holiday at 'Normanhurst', the small, friendly hotel in best sea-front postn. Recomm by rdrs and others. Vegtn if desired. 7/10 gns fuly inclsve. No gratuities. Slumberlands; h & c; 2 comftble Lounges. Illus brochures free. Bed, Bkfst, Dinner – Annexe vacancies 5½ gns. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam. 12 miles Eastbourne. Everything home-made. Vegetarians welcome. From 6½ gns.

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PARIS Pension, 75 Rue Cardinal Lemoine 5e. Full pension 35s., half pension 28s. Quiet, good cuisine, recommended.

SWITZERLAND. Hotel Munsterhof, Mustair/Gr. Ideal holiday in sunny Swiss mountain-valley, near National Park. Wonderful walks & excursions. Children welcome.

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cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL
ADULT COLLEGE
GRANTLEY HALL, Nr. RIPON

Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the post of Deputy Warden at the Authority's residential Adult College at Grantley Hall, near Ripon. The College holds courses in a wide variety of subjects, and the Deputy Warden will act for the Warden as required, will be required to lecture, lead discussion groups and play a prominent part in the activities of the College. He/she should be well qualified academically and have a keen interest in adult education. Salary in accordance with the Burnham Scale plus full board residence and most attractive rooms in the College.

Applications already submitted will be reconsidered.

Further information and forms of application may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield. Completed forms should be returned before 5 September 1958.

Interesting opening, Research Department of Head Office of National Trade Union at present situated near Waterloo Station, moving very shortly to new modern offices in Euston Road.

SHORTHAND TYPIST required to assist in Research work, commencing salary £9 8s. per week plus emoluments. Automatic increases to £12 11s. per week.

Canteen, Superannuation, three weeks' annual holiday, plus six statutory holidays.

Apply in writing, Secretary, NATIONAL UNION OF MINEWORKERS, 5 Westminster Bridge Road, London, SE1.

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required for varied and interesting work in Personnel Department.

Good typing speed and accuracy are essential. Previous experience in a Personnel Department is not necessary but applicants must have received a good education, pref. to Grammar School level. Age 18 or above. Commencing salary up to £8.

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'Hotpoint',
Crown House,
Aldwych, WC2,
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If you can deal with merciless dictation
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3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2;
316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

FIELD Supervisor required for training and supervision of interviewers engaged on market and motivational research. Applicants must be women aged between 25-45 with at least two years' interviewing experience and fully mobile. Detailed applications to: Field Controller, McCann-Erickson Advertising Limited, McCann-Erickson House, Fetter Lane, London, EC4.

ASSISTANT Wardens for mens' and boys' hostels in London. Some experience preferred. Salary £5, plus board. Write Secretary, 24 Ashburn Place, SW7.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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Applications are invited from WOMEN GRADUATES (or equivalent qualification) aged 25 to 40, for a vacancy in PUBLIC RELATIONS dealing with SCHOOLS and YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, and when free, to W.S.B., Cadbury Brothers, Ltd., Bournville, Birmingham, 30, by 27 August, 1958.

BBC requires Thai Programme Organiser in its Far Eastern Service. Duties include supervision of Thai programme section, co-ordination of duties of Thai staff, together with planning and production of programmes for transmission. This involves preparation in English of news bulletins, topical commentaries, features and talks for translation into Thai. Candidates should have general knowledge of and interest in international affairs. Journalistic experience and recent knowledge of Thailand advantageous. Knowledge of Thai desirable, but successful candidate must in any case be willing to study the language in order to become reasonably fluent. Salary £1,255 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,735 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.758 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Production Assistant (Male), Television Outside Broadcasts in Manchester. Duties: to contribute directly to programme content and formulation, be responsible for co-ordination of production teams and liaison with servicing departments, to assist the Producer in programme administration, budgeting and rehearsing, and, in rare cases, in selection of films and direction of film sequences. Will often act as Producer's representative on location and be in charge of stage management. Good educational background and keen interest in, and knowledge of, sport essential. Production experience in films or journalistic experience, such as feature writing, desirable. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.763 NStm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

MINISTRY of Supply Research and Development Establishments, mainly in southern half of England, require (a) Senior Scientific Officers (min. age 26) and (b) Scientific Officers for work in Physics, electronics, electrical or mechanical engineering, applied mathematics, aerodynamics, chemistry or metallurgy. 1st or 2nd class hons. Degree or equiv. required and for SSO at least 3 years' post graduate experience. Starting salary in range (a) £1,130-£1,330, (b) £595-£1,050 (male, in provinces). Rates for women reaching equality in 1961. Superannuation under FSSU. Opportunity for those under 32 to compete for established posts. Candidates should indicate fields of work in which interested. At National Gas Turbine Establishment, Pyestock, Hants, houses available for letting to married staff, and opportunities for new graduates to have workshop training. Forms from MLNS Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, SW1 (quote A.300/8A).

CAMBRIDGESHIRE Education Committee. The Village College, Linton. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor for Further Education at the Village College, Linton. The person appointed will be expected to begin duty on 1 January 1959, but the appointment could be advanced to 1 November 1958. The Tutor will be responsible to the Warden of the Village College for the organisation of Further Education throughout the area served by the College, and will also assist in the Secondary Modern School. Salary according to Burnham Scale for Grade 'B' Assistants in Establishments for Further Education. Unfurnished accommodation will be available. Forms of application, which should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement, and further particulars, may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Shire Hall, Cambridge.

CHILD Guidance Training Centre, 6 Osnaburgh St, NW1. Administrative Officer (female) Grade 'C' required for Secretarial and Administrative duties. Shorthand and Typing essential. Salary £474-£597 p.a. plus London Weighting. (Subject to review.) Applications, stating age and experience, together with names and addresses of two referees, to Secretary, Paddington Group Hospital Management Committee, Harrow Rd, W9, by 1 September.

PREVIOUS experience a disadvantage. Market research organisation requires part-time interviewers, age 25-40, for work in London and in Manchester. Write for application form to Box 2645.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA—Canberra University College, Assistant Registrar. Applications are invited from university graduates for appointment to the above newly created post. Salary range: £2,100-£2,500 per annum (Australian currency). Annual increments £75 per annum. Commencing point within the range will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Further particulars and the summary form which must accompany application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, with whom two copies of each application must be lodged, in addition to the two sent to Canberra. Applications close in Australia and London on 15 September, 1958.

AUSTRALIA—University of Tasmania. Lecturer in Psychology. The University invites applications for the above position. The Lecturer will be required to work mainly in the field of experimental psychology, but capacity to undertake work in other branches would be an advantage. The salary scales for lecturers are Grade II £A1,450-60-£A1,630, and Grade I £A1,630-60-£A2,050. Appointment will be offered within the range for Lecturers Grade II or Grade I according to qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses and housing assistance is available. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 31 October 1958.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in Philosophy. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary will be £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 15 October 1958.

CLINICAL Psychologist, whole-time. Candidates, preferably with mental hospital experience, must hold an honours degree in psychology of a University of England, Wales, Scotland or Ireland. Whitley Council salary and conditions. London Weighting payable. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with names and addresses of two referees, to Group Secretary, Springfield Hospital, Beechcroft Road, Upper Tooting, SW17, not later than 12 September.

MID-Herts Group Hospital Management Committee. Child Psychotherapist (non-medical) required for work with psychotic and severely maladjusted children aged 4-11. Three sessions weekly; possibility of more sessions at a later date. Candidate may be required to participate in training house staff. Salary £2 per session, plus travelling allowance. Whitley Council conditions. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, to Dr. George Stroh, Consultant Psychiatrist-in-Charge, High Wick, Tyttenhanger, near St. Albans, Herts.

HERTFORD Child Guidance Service. Experienced Psychiatric Social Worker required immediately for East Herts and St. Albans area. Part-time Psychiatric Social Worker also required for Mid-Herts area. Car drivers essential. Whitley Council salaries and conditions. Applications to Medical Director, Child Guidance Clinic, Hill End, St. Albans, Herts.

LONDON County Council. Education Officers' Department. Experienced Social Workers, designated assistant organisers of children's care work, required to recruit, train, and advise voluntary workers forming care committees attached to London Schools. Opportunities for wide and varied work dealing with school children in their family relationships. Social science qualifications and/or experience of family case work desirable. Salary £592 10s. × £37 10s. – £742 10s. × £35 – £777 10s. × £15 – £792 10s. Commencing rate according to qualifications and experience. Application forms with full details, obtainable from Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2C), The County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 29 August, 1958. (1508).

MIDDLESEX County Council—Children's Dept. Housemother and Assistant Housemother reqd initially at Children's Reception Centre, Willesden. Pref. exper. or trained in Child Care work. Salary accdg to prev. service on scale, Housemother £400-£480 p.a. Assistant Housemother, £370-£440 p.a., less £116 p.a. for board and lodging, plus £25 p.a. if Child Care Cert. held. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stampd add. f/scap env.) from Children's Officer, 10 Gt George St, SW1, returnable by 3 September. (Quote Y.14 NS). Canvassing disqualifies.

WELL-KNOWN Children's Organisation requires two qualified female Welfare Officers (1, Salop/Staffs, 2, Leics./Northants). Duties include boarding out and adoption work. Salary in accordance with experience on scale £500/£700. Apply, stating qualifications and experience, to Box 2633.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department, Child Care Officers. Applications invited from women for appointment as Child Care Officers, APTDI, in Children's Department. Salary not less than £635 for suitably qualified candidates. Duties include visiting of children's homes, boarding out and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a university diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Scheme of Conditions of Service for APT and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than 30 August, 1958. Canvassing forbidden.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Children's Dept. Warden and Matron (married couple) reqd at Chequers Mead, Potters Bar. (Home for 25 children.) Should have exper. in running residential establishment, good knowledge of child care work and a real interest in children. Home Office Cert. advantage. Salaries: Warden £404-£450 2s. 6d. p.a. Matron £373 5s-£419 7s. 6d. p.a., plus res. accom. valued in each case at £225 10s. p.a. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd add. f'scap env.) from Children's Officer, 10 Gt. George Street, SW1, returnable by 3 September (quote Y.48NS). Canvassing disqualifies.

CANADA. The Society for the Oversea Settlement of British Women invites applications from trained, experienced social workers for Caseworker posts with Canadian agencies, including Children's Aid Society of Metropolitan Toronto, Catholic CAS of Metropolitan Toronto, CAS of Western Manitoba and CAS of Sault Ste Marie, N. Ontario. Write, mentioning qualifications and experience, to SOSBW, 43 Parliament St, London, SW1.

CANADA. Caseworker (trained social worker with experience in child care field) wanted for September/October for post with Protestant Children's Homes of Toronto (agency concerned with foster home placement). Apply to SOSBW, 43 Parliament St, London, SW1.

CANADA. Trained, experienced social workers, preferably with some domestic science or nursing experience, wanted as Supervisors of Visiting Homemakers for Toronto agency. Details from SOSBW, 43 Parliament St, London, SW1.

MARRIED couples required to take charge of cottages accommodating 22 children aged 2 to 15 in grouped children's home in Essex. Wife's salary £475 – £550 plus £25 a year for Home Office Certificate. Husband receives free board etc. in return for duties with children in evenings and weekends whilst following own occupation during day. Home is within easy reach of London, Dagenham etc. Charge of £128 8s. for wife's year board etc. Experience or training in child care work essential for wife, but not for husband. Apply Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/1461) London County Council, County Hall, SE1.

SECRETARY/Warden required for Community Association. Salary approx. Burnham Scale. Possibility of Development Corporation housing. Applications giving details of qualifications, experience, etc., and names and addresses of two referees to: Secretary, Broadhall CA, Broadhall Centre, Shephall, Stevenage, Herts.

CHILD Care—Staff member required for an experimental home in Reigate for 16 young, mentally handicapped children, aged 4-10 on entry. Experience with young normal children is essential, and professional qualification (e.g., NNEB or Child Care Certificate) desirable. Salary and conditions of service according to Whitley Scale for Nursing Assistants (£320 to £515 depending on age and experience). Apply by 7 September, giving names of two referees, to National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children Research Unit, c/o The Secretary, Fountain Hospital, London, SW17.

LANCASHIRE County Council. Librarian required at Prestwich Hospital (Mental), near Manchester. Salary £575-£725 (starting point according to experience and qualifications). Librarian will be required, if necessary, to undertake and/or organise educational activities for the patients. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians or holders of equivalent qualifications in Education or Social Science. Appointment superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application (with copies of 2 testimonials) to County Librarian, County Hall, Preston, by 29 Aug.

IPSWICH Constituency Labour Party invites applications for the post of a Full-Time Secretary/Agent. The appointment to be made in consultation with the National Executive Committee. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms can be obtained from the National Agent, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1, to whom they should be returned not later than 20 Sept. 1958.

ADMINISTRATIVE Assistant for responsible post inclg secretarial duties in social work office. 5-day week. Sal. from £450. Apply FWA, 35 Lyndhurst Way, SE15.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SHENLEY Hospital, Nr. St Albans, Herts. Applications are invited for the post of Psychologist (Clinical Grade) under the direction of the Senior Psychologist. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Applications to the Group Secretary by 12 September.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s 8d per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

CHEMIST interested in polymers and their industrial applications to take charge of laboratory. Good salary for necessary experience and qualifications. Apply Personnel Officer, Scott Bader & Co. Ltd, Wollaston, Wellingborough, Northamptonshire.

ORGANISING Secretary (lady) required to develop new European organisation in London. Responsibilities involve licking stamps, taking minutes, organising meetings, cocktail parties and VIPs. Low salary but real prospects for person of initiative with European interests. Strong committee to give support but not interference. Send full details to W. J. Thorne, 'The Riddens', Blue House Lane, Oxted, Surrey.

MEDICAL School requires adaptable Secretary for special psychological research investigation. Good shorthand-typing essential but previous experience not necessary for applicant willing to accept responsibility and learn new techniques. Salary scale £423 (age 23) – £576, including London allowance. Superannuation scheme, five-day week, Canteen and sports club. Apply immediately, giving full particulars, to Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5. (Ref.: NRU.)

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Secretary of the British Peace Committee, stating age, experience and qualifications, and giving the names of two references. Applications, which will be treated in confidence, must be received at this office, British Peace Committee, 81 City Road, London, EC1, by 1 September.

LONDON Marriage Guidance Council requires appointments secretary with good shorthand typing. £10 p.w. Pension scheme. Woman 30-45 with mature personality essential. Social work experience desirable. Write Secretary, 78 Duke Street, W1.

BILINGUAL secretary wanted for export sales director of rapidly expanding company in the field of peaceful applications of nuclear energy. German and English shorthand are essential and secretarial experience is desirable. Nuclear Engineering Ltd, Woolwich Road, London, SE7. GREenwich 3232.

RESIDENTIAL Adult College. Home Counties. Secretary required September. Competent, sociable, cheerful. Ordinary office duties. Live in. Box 2694.

ASSISTANT Librarian wanted by Jewish weekly newspaper. Young lady aged 18-21. Preferred minimum educational standard GCE. Box 2720.

BETHNAL Green. Secretary to Director and to take charge, in his absence, of pleasant office attached to small Works. Experience of sales procedure & some book-keeping. No Sats. £600 or commensurate. Close to Underground Stn and Town Hall. Apply Mr. L. Okun, 1 Peel Grove, E2. ADVance 3540.

SENIOR Shorthand-Typist required for responsible and interesting job in head office of Trade Union. Some secretarial work, preparation of minutes and arranging of meetings and conferences; 5-day 35-hour week; good conditions, pension. Salary to commence around £575 p.a. Apply in writing, giving age and experience, to General Secretary, Association of Engineering and Shipbuilding Draughtsmen, Onslow Hall, Little Green, Richmond, Surrey.

SECRETARY, 21-24, for interesting & varied work on Medical Journal. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0676.

SUPERIOR Office Staff offer London's finest temporary and permanent positions at 43 South Molton St, Mayfair. HYD. 8383.

ARCHITECT, small city office, requires S/H typist for general duties. 5-day week. BIS. 8139 or write Box 2673.

'DAILY Herald' needs two shorthand-typists. Write Editorial Manager, 2-12 Endell Street, WC2.

VOCATIONAL Guidance – The VGA Scheme offers a unique answer to the problem of planning a career. Apply Secretary, The Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1 (WELbeck 8017).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

INTELLIGENT active woman sks post Housekeeper-Sec. or Companion. Fluent German/French. London pref. Box 2197.

INTELLIGENT, sentient being (f), 36, fluent Italian & French, interpreter/secretarial/admin. experience, seeks position where interest in people and languages fully utilised. Box 2675.

SECOND intelligent, sentient being (f), 31, graduate, teaching/personnel/advertising media/admin. experience, seeks non-mechanical stimulating job. Box 2676.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

ADVERTISER (male, 36) at present engaged in restricted professional capacity seeks more congenial post in rural area. Prepared to work hard at anything. Box 2652.

INTELLIGENT middle-aged woman, having launched family, seeks intersting part-time work, London. Not domestic. Experience includes 10 years almoner's department teaching hospital, 15 years National Library for Blind. Interested in people, the arts, education. All replies answered. Box 2577.

YOUNG man, intellectual and personable, yet with some business experience and acumen, seeks interesting and well-paid position. Will travel anywhere and learn almost anything. Box 2581.

GRADUATE (33) fluent French. Good English shorthand-typing, used to dealing with people and writing reports, seeks interesting London post. Box 2584.

MARRIED wom. sks inter. London job 2 consec. days p.w. Office & bk trade exp., typing, translating. Adaptable. Box 2195.

DISCRIMINATING Employers seeking office staff of either sex are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

MAN aged 28, with Chemistry degree, finding himself unsuited to his subject, desires alternative employment. Interested in other people. Box 2519.

GERMAN and Scandinavian Mother's Helps, Spanish maids, etc., supplied constantly by Beckenham Bureau, Village Way, Beckenham. BEC. 8329.

FRENCH yng lady, Cambridge Cert. Proficiency in English. Sh./typ. in Fr./Eng. fluent Italian, sks interest. post. Box 2709.

EXP. Sh./Typist sks work at home. Dict. by 'Phone, copy typg etc. And/or evg work. PER. 0347 Mrs Kew.

EXPERIENCED Lady Housekeeper seeks post to gentleman. Surrey, Sussex or Hampshire preferred; own furniture if necessary. Mrs A. M. Highton, Home Farm, Bearwood, Wokingham, Berks.

PERSONAL

CAN YOU DRAW?
Why not take a Home Study course in general Commercial Art, including anatomy, layout, poster and illustration with the FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS? We will train you for a well-paid spare-time occupation in Commercial Art. Write for FREE talent test and opinion of your ability to
FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
17 WESTPORT, GODALMING, SY.

EXCHANGE, 1st week September, 3 persons 1 dog, gay holiday house, Christchurch. Sailing, fishing, sleep hundreds, for lonely mountain cottage. Box 2593.

WOMAN artist, middle-aged (widow) at studio most of day, would exchange 3 hrs competent domestic help; morning, evening, for a pleasant room and meals. Excel. refs. Cen. Lond./Melbourne, Aus. Box 2646.

PIANO, mother, 2 children, 1 school age, granny, require part/furn. flat 50 miles radius London. Part-time work offered; anything considered. Box 2654.

INTELLIGENT woman, 33, talented painter/illustrator, returned Italy, needs income for studio. Box 2468.

STUD. wife of Dr reqs supplementary hsehld help. Res. 5 mngs free. Box 2634.

BACH. (30) tired of living in rooms, seeks contact similar, view house purchase. London or nr. Ideas welcomed. Box 2660.

SPACE-Age philanthropist sought. Self-build housing group require approx. 3 acres of reasonably priced land within 30 miles SW area of Charing ×. Box 2657.

WORKING partnership required in Vegetarian/Food Reform proposition by trained and experienced lady. Box 2610.

HELP please, save a marriage. Lend lady £260 to rejoin husband abroad. Repay £25 monthly. Bankers' references. Box 2549.

£50 *plus* commissn. Concert pianist, estab., not famous, wd pay agent securing recording contract reputable Co. Box 2560.

WIDOWER, rationalist and socialist, with child nearly 4, seeks housekeeper. Ealing. Widow with child not objected to. Please write giving full details to Box 2587.

GIRL seeks hitch-hiking companion (f.), tour Spain early Sept. Box 2689.

INDIGENT student needs patron. Please write Box 2659.

YOUNG man (28), personable, sh/typing, seeks position as private secretary/factotum, preferably abroad. Box 2681.

HOLIDAY Help; foreign girls seek 'au pair' posts Aug.-Oct. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

SOCIAL Consciences Required. The improvement of contraceptive methods is a vital social problem we are doing our best to solve. New methods can only be 'proved' by couples willing to risk pregnancy. We urgently want volunteers for our trials. Usual doctor/patient privacy applies to all aspects of the trial. Please offer help to: Medical Secretary, Council for the Investigation of Fertility Control, 64 Sloane St, London, SW1.

PERSONAL—continued

FILM Producer wishes to team up with experienced scriptwriter of repute. Conditions conducive & rewarding. Box 2535.

YOUNG woman needs work from 20 Sept. for 3 wks. Pref. not secretarial but anything considered England or abroad. Box 2598.

CHALLEN Grand Piano for sale. Excel. cond., carefully used. £120. MIL. 1478.

GUITAR lsns. Technique, theory. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

CHILTERNS Cottage, Oxford 17, London 39, long let £2 2s. Primitive, warm, suit Becket character. Also 1938 Ford 8, bedraggled appearance, guaranteed reliable, £35 or offer. Box 2200.

SEEKERS of Truth & Students of Esoteric teaching requiring quiet private accommodation are invited to send s.a.e. for details of scheme to provide right conditions and facilities. Box 2477.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. 12-15 Aug. 'Garfield-Howe Guitar Group' (incl. beginners) & 'Hat Fashioning'; 15-19 'Sources of Poetic Craftsmanship'.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts. Join now. Entrance Fee suspended during summer. Special terms for married couples and students. Apply: Secretary, ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. GRO. 6186.

WINTER Sports. Why not form party of 15 members and enjoy a free Winter Sports holiday? Full details of this scheme and advance information on our Winter Sports arrangements 1958/9, from Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

SIMON Dewes, author of best-selling fiction and non-fiction, advises on all types of MSS. Write: The Forge, Kettleburgh, Suffolk.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship – Please listen to Bishop of Bristol's appeal on Sunday 24 August for Student Movement House, 103 Gower Street, WC1. Centre since 1917 for overseas students in London or travelling. Please help.

APPLETON and Van Heerden contemporary furniture to individual specification at 6 Nedburgh St, London, W1. (REG. 1409.)

MASSAGE for health and fitness relieves nervous tension. HAM. 2514, 1-4 p.m.

THE Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics. Now enrolling for new class to begin this autumn. Prospectus from Secretary, Kingston, Edinburgh 9.

HEPHAISTOS School for the education and rehabilitation of physically disabled boys; opening 25 September; for prospectus apply Principals, Farley Castle, Farley Hill Reading.

KNOW-How brings you Writing Success. No Sales – No Fees. Free year's subscription to Britain's foremost magazine for Writers. You can, also, win one of Two Hundred Prizes in fascinating Competition. Send for free N.1. 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recordings. Also small Hall & Comtte Rooms. Apply: Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

CHILDREN'S Seaside Holiday School. Every care. 4-12 yrs. Thanet House, 18 Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Regent House, Regent St, W1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Course & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

CHILDREN over 3 welcomed as P.G.s. Mr & Mrs P. D. Wilson, The Gables, Halland, Lewes, Sx. (Tel. Halland 268.)

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI. 4132.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

PERSONAL—continued

TUTOR required to coach private student for GCE subjects: British Constitution, History, Economics. Apply: Stanley Naidoo, 74 Regina Road, Finsbury Park, N4.

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd, W8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar SLO. 9595.

DEANER Printers, Ltd, for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets & all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd, E2. SHOreditch 3889/6040.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

BEDWETTING can be stopped by wonderful new method. Free information. Enurex Co., 119 Oxford St, London, W1.

CAMERA repairs for amateurs and professionals. Also good selection of s/h equipment: Camera Advice Centre, 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

COLOR Photographs must come out with Kodak's Colorsnap Camera £10 15s. 1d. or £2 deposit. Brochure from Bruce, 5 West Road, Westcliff, Essex.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept E./191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

LONDON Contact Lens Centres, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent Def. terms. Branches: Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich, Paris.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

1,300 miles south to the sun
only £61 return!
MADEIRA
Searching for something out of the ordinary this year? Here then is a golden opportunity to visit Madeira, the most beautiful sub-tropical island in the world, where you can enjoy a luxury holiday at considerably reduced fares. Every hotel offers reasonable rates and retains a high standard of comfort, food and service. It is never too late to holiday in Madeira.
See your Travel Agent now or contact:
AQUILA AIRWAYS
62 Brompton Rd, London, SW3
Telephone: KENsington 4567

SEPTEMBER HOLIDAYS

Follow the sun with one of our September or October parties to Italy, Yugoslavia, Southern Austria, Spain (Balearics or Costa Brava), the Channel Islands or the Isle of Wight. Special suggestion for 12 September: Sunshine party to the Italian Riviera (out by air, home by rail), cost 41½ gns.

ERNA LOW,
47(NS) Old Brompton Road,
London, SW7.
KEN. 0911 & 9225.

LOOKING for the sun? Ideal late holiday on Italian Riviera. Dep. 10/11 Oct., fortnight. Delightful surroundings, happy atmosphere. Excursns – Florence, Portofino, Genoa (optional). £27. Unique tours at min. cost. Miles, 17 Cromleigh Way, Southwick, Sx.

LATE Season Holidays. Christmas in Majorca by air. 28 gns. Some September vacancies Spain, Portugal, Italy, India, etc. Free brochure: Bon Viveur Holidays, Knightsbridge Station Arcade West, SW3. KNI. 9788.

STUDENTS. Fortnight holiday in Deva, Spain. £27. Full pension, return rail fare. Sea-front hotel, good food. £30 non-students. 14 Sept. Wernick, 8 The Mall Studios, Tasker Rd, NW3. GULliver 4705.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Tel. HAM. 2019. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ gns.; weekly boarders, 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

MERLAND House Preparatory School, 130 Dorset Rd., Bexhill. Vacs. 5-10 years.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI 3319). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills, 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-education, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
(Tel. Covent Garden 1066)

THE ROYAL BALLET
Season until 13 September
Evgs 7.30, Mats Sats 2.30

25 August	The Sleeping Beauty.
26 & 28 August	Agon, Giselle.
27 & 29 August	The Prince of the Pagodas.
30 August (mat.)	The Firebird, Les Sylphides, Daphnis and Chloe.
30 August (evg.)	Ballet Imperial, Les Sylphides, Daphnis and Chloe.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TERminus 1672

Until 6 September
Evenings 7.0, Mats Sats 2.30
Feliks Parnell's

BALLET FROM POLAND

THEATRES

ARTS TEM. 3334. Tu/Fri. Evgs. 8.0. Sat. Sun. 5.0 & 8.0. Ariadne. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Intimate Revue 2-yr fr. 2.30, Sun. 4, 8th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for mems., tkt & free mag.

ROYAL Court. Evgs. 8. Sat. 5, 8.15. Wed. 2.30. Joan Plowright in The Chairs & The Lesson by Ionesco. Ends 23 August. Com. 28 Aug. Bernard Shaw's Major Barbara.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Wally Pone' a new musical. Thurs.-Sun. 7.45 mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL
BBC presents 64th Season

HENRY WOOD
PROMENADE CONCERTS

Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30
Until Sat., 20 September.

Tickets: 8s. 6d., 6s., 4s., at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), H. G. Clouzot's 'The Picasso Mystery' (U).

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Summer Revivals. Until 24 Aug.: 'The Tales of Hoffmann' (U). From 25 Aug.: Laurence Olivier in 'The Beggar's Opera' (U). From 28 Aug.: Alec Guinness in 'The Captain's Paradise' (A).

ROXY, BAYswater 2345. W/c 24 August, Susan Hayward, 'I'll Cry Tomorrow' (X). Charles Laughton, 'The Big Clock' (A).

ANNIVERSARY celebration – Liberation of Rumania. Rumanian and English Folk Songs. Dancers in national costume. Ghandi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Sq. (off Tottenham Ct Rd). Sunday 24 Aug., at 7.30. BRFA, 27 Red Lion St, WC1. (CHA. 4568).

FOLKSONG Unlimited. Usual singers, every Wed. Cranbourne (Leics. Sq. Tube).

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions, about 100 subjects mostly 50s. plus 7s. 2d. tax, on view daily at 11 Great Turnstile, WC2. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. 6d.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Keith Leonard; Erich Kahn; Alex Flett. Till 30 Aug. Dly 10-6; Sats 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Part II. Artists of Fame and Promise. A new exhibition. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Gregory Fellowship Exhibition: Armitage, Butler, Dalwood, Davie, Frost, Froy. Till 20 Sept. Adm. 1s. Members free. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery. 18-30 August. Paintings by Boles, Clayden, Derry, Harris, Hill, Senior. Sculpture by Fullard, Dobson, Plumb. 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. 10-6 Daily, 10-1 Sats.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. XIX & XX Century European Masters. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-12.30.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, W1. Summer Exhibition of 1958 English & French paintings, watercolours, & original lithographs. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes 30 Aug.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Allan Ramsay, Painter-in-Ordinary to George III. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1 Seven Indian painters in Europe.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CORSHAM Court, Nr Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6. 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON, Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and private apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Giacometti, Marini, Matisse, Moore. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 13 Sept.

ST George's Gallery: Exhibition of the 40 best British Etchings, Lithographs, etc., of 1958. Colour transparency catalogue illustrating all 40, 5s. post free. 7 Cork St, W1.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

THE Waddington Galleries. Three Painters. Ivon Hitchens, Jack B. Yeats, Roderic O'Conor and 'Colour, Form & Line'. Daily 10-6 Sat. 10-1. 2, Cork St, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

WEST Africa Society. 'Towards culture consciousness in Africa', K. A. B. Jones-Quartey, MA, Columbia. 29 Aug., 7.15 p.m. 69 Warrington Cres., W9. Adm. free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 'The National Health Service after Ten Years', Dr Bruce Cardew, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1, on Wed., 27 August, at 7.30 p.m. Visitors 2s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Louise Bogan reading her own poems. Chairman: Stephen Spender. Tuesday, 26 August, 8.15. Admission 3s., members 1s. 6d.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public Lecture, Sun., 8 p.m., 24 Aug. 'Thought and Imagination'.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 30 August at 6 p.m. Mrs. S. Printz: My travels in Europe.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
Francis House, Francis Street, SW1
Preliminary Professional and University Entrance Department

The Courses provide both day and evening classes for the General Certificate of Education. These may be taken at both Advanced and Ordinary level: English, Literature, Latin, French, German, History, Geography, British Constitution, Economics, Economic History, Mathematics Pure and Applied, Physics, Chemistry and Biology or Zoology or Botany.

Session 1958-59 begins on 8 September, 1958; evening courses begin on 22 September. Enrolment for evening courses begins on 8 September, 5.30-7.30 p.m. Prospectuses may be obtained from:
F. SAUL, Principal.

HOLBORN College of Law, Languages & Commerce, Princeton Street, WC1 – the evening courses in Law formerly held at Kennington College have now been transferred to this College. Starting in September, full-time day and evening courses for Inter. and final LLB (London) will be offered, and evening courses for Bar and Solicitors' examinations and for Solicitors' Clerks. Particulars obtainable from the Secretary.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), spec. Holiday Syll., also coach to Univ. Ent. Mrs Chanda, HAM. 7322.

LESCHETIZKY School of Pianoforte Playing (In memory of Mabel Lander). Patron: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Teachers: James Gibb, Sylvia Leeson, Mary Peppin, Geraldine Peppin. 66 Parkhill Rd, NW3. GUL. 3379.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. in 1887, prepares students by post for General Certificate of Education (all Levels) London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others, London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc (Econ), LLB), Teachers' Diplomas, Law, Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ST James' Academy, 283 Oxford St, London, W1, HYD. 6524, announce opening new Residential College in Hampstead. Intensive Full/part-time Secretarial Courses start 16 & 29 September, 5 January & 6 April, 1959 – Small Groups – Remarkable Results.

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SOCIAL Science Tutorial College. Postal Crses & coaching. 11 Old Bond St, W1.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, MA, LLD., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARK 8392.

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GREGG and Pitman Intensive Courses. English for Foreign Students. Day and Ev. Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

SPANISH, Flamenco, Plectrum Guitar Tuition (Personal & Postal.) Prospectus: Ivor Mairants (s), 195 Wardour St, W1. Tel, REG. 0644/5.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

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PUTNEY. One attractively furn. divan-rm to let, share kit. & bathrm. Suit professional person. 55s. p.w. PUT. 3395.

LIGHT, spac. sgle div.-rm, cen. htg. c.h.w., linen, china, sep. ckg, share bath. NW2. Transport gd. £3 10s. WIL. 6025.

6 gns. Furn. ground-flr flat, suit couple with child or bus.-girls, 3 lge rms, bathrm, w.c., gdn. Nr bus & tube, NW5. Recently converted by artist-owner. 'Phone PRI. 2144.

BLACKHEATH. Furnished flat, 2nd floor. 2 rooms, kitchenette, use bathroom, lavatory. £3 p.w. Box 2613.

COMFORTABLE divan-sitting room newly decorated for couple or business ladies. Use k. & b. Linen. HAM. 2754.

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SINGLE room and sitting-room with breakfast; also lge bed-sit., use kit. Family house SW London. Reasonable. Box 2561.

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WANTED to share flat NW11—young Catholic graduate (male). £3. Box 2583.

KENSINGTON bed-sitter 13 ft × 15 ft and annexe, h. & c., overlooking garden, share bath and kitchen-diner, bachelor's flat ground floor. 4 gns. Bachelor, couple or middle-aged woman (would pay for some cooking & mending). FRE. 0841.

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INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

GOOD-class accom. Best part of Hampstead. Charming balcony room (sgle) overl. garden. Wash. bas. (h. & c.). Use bath, tel. Prof. lady pref. 3 gns. HAM. 7428.

BACHELOR (25) offers young man share bed-sitter, breakfast optional. Spiers: MAI. 5974 (6-7 p.m./wkend a.m.s.).

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ROOM available for girl in house shared by young people. Low rent. WIL. 3702

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CONGENIAL atmosphere, music/lit. interests. 2 single rooms, 50s. each. HAM 8109 week-ends, or after 4 p.m. week-days.

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EDITORIAL man wants comfortable room in private centrally-heated flat. Morning tea only. Box 2592.

NON-Intellectual type female, 36, with great urge for self expression, requires unfurn. acc. Basement, attic, or s/c rooms in central or N. London. Box 2594.

PROF. woman (music lover) seeks s/c. unfurn. flat, 2/3 rms, k., b. Mod. rent, Hendon or near. Would consider 2 rms, k., share bath. Write Miss Black, 86 All Souls Av., NW10.

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LONDON flat wanted, two bedrooms, first and/or second week Sept. Box 2641.

UNFURN. s/c. flat for one lady, Knightsbridge. Kensington or Chelsea. From mid-Sept. Rent approx. £200. Box 2635.

ART teacher (f.) seeks furn. or unfurn. accom. W. London Flatlet or share studio considered. Box 2643.

PROF. man (35) reqs simple accom. abt £3 p.w. Around SW3 pref. Box 2692.

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